VILLEROY;

OR, THE

FATAL MOMENT.

VILLEROY;

OR, THE

FATAL MOMENT:

A

NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY A LADY.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. LANE, LEADENHALL STREET,

M,DCC,XCI

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
JAN
82

VILLEROY;

OR, THE

FATAL MOMENT.

MISS MORDAUNT

TO

MISS BEVIL.

THE moſt truly anxious hours in the life of your Caroline have paſſed ſince I laſt wrote you—I know not whether I informed you of Lady Belvidere's intention to make a viſit of a few days to

a friend at ſome diſtance, which ſhe executed about a fortnight ſince.—On our arrival, we were conducted into a Ball-Room where a number of people were engaged in dancing—While I was employed in paying my compliments to the miſtreſs of the houſe, I was aſtoniſhed by the ſight of Faulkland, who was preſented to me for my partner—He led me to my place, neither of us uttering a word: as ſoon as I had got down the dance, I hurried to my benefactreſs, who had obſerved my diſtreſs and held out her hand to receive me, deſiring me to ſit beſide her:—I ſaid if ſhe was going into the Card-Room, I would attend her—ſhe anſwered that muſt not be, for I was a dancer—I replied that I could not dance, that I was not equal to it. She looked

with

with meaning in my face, ſaying, "I ſhould be grieved to think my Caroline were not equal to a greater undertaking, particularly when ſo good a dancer as Mr. Faulkland was her partner"—I comprehended her intentions, and felt grateful for the inſtruction which ſhe had conveyed to me with ſo much delicacy—I reſolved not to forfeit her good opinion by giving Faulkland any cauſe of triumph: to this end I collected all my fortitude, and ſaw him offer his hand to conduct me again to the dance without much emotion. —The preſence of my adored father, who juſt then entered the room, aſſiſted to ſupport my ſpirits—my partner was ſilent and thoughtful, a deep melancholy ſat on his brow—his face was pale and his eyes had loſt their luſtre; yet there

was ſomething ſo irreſiſtibly intereſting in his whole appearance, that I could not refuſe myſelf the gratification of once more contemplating that form which I had ſo often beheld with delight:—Happy! happy moments never to return! Whither, my friend, is all the felicity I ſo late enjoyed, the bleſſings I boaſted of, whither are they fled? with Faulkland they left me, yes, he has plundered me of all, yet he does not ſeem to be enriched.—Poor Faulkland! weighed down as I am with ſorrows of my own, ſtill I can ſhed a tear to thy errors and misfortunes; but I am wandering from my ſubject; I had obſerved myſelf from my firſt entrance to be the object of attention, and obſervation to a lady who I had never before ſeen: her perſon was lovely

lovely and her face had all the ſweetneſs of an angel; notwithſtanding which, the earneſtneſs with which ſhe ſurveyed me, made me feel embarraſſed, my embarraſſment was encreaſed when I learned that it was Lady Ann Faulkland—I did not doubt my having attracted her attention, by the manner I had obſerved her huſband and I determined to be more circumſpect. The dance was at laſt concluded, Faulkland led me to a chair and placed himſelf cloſe to me; my father now approached me as a diſtant acquaintance, enquiring after my own health and that of Lady Belvidere. On his leaving me, Faulkland aſked his name, which I had no ſooner pronounced, than he ſtarted and repeated, Villeroy!—This is too much; then looking earneſtly in my face

for a moment, laid his hand on his forehead, and reclining himſelf back upon his chair, appeared to ceaſe to breathe—I was terrified, yet dared not turn my eyes towards him, as I ſaw Lady Ann's were fixed on us; ſhe came towards him; a ſtranger who had engaged me to dance now took me out: never did relief come more ſeaſonably, for my ſituation was become inſupportable. Faulkland roſe, and without returning any anſwer to Lady Ann's requeſt to know if he was not well, hurried out of the room—I had began to recover myſelf from the fear and perplexity I had been in, when I was accoſted by my patroneſs, who deſired me to attend her into the card-room as ſhe feared I would fatigue myſelf—I was ſurprized at her command and diſtreſſed what

what to do, as I could not tell what excuſe to make to the gentleman to whom I was engaged; the interference of the maſter of the houſe ſoon ſettled that I ſhould continue to dance—Her Ladyſhip left the room evidently uneaſy; I followed, begging to know the cauſe.—You will readily conceive that I partook of her diſtreſs, when ſhe informed me that my partner was ſon to the man who fought the life of Lord Henly—I with agitation enquired what his name was--my dear replied Lady B——, his name is L—— nephew to Sir H. L——, the curſe of my houſe, he firſt ſtained it with diſhonour, and his baſe brother now ſeeks to gratify his revenge by ſpilling the blood of its nobleſt ſupport; but go Caroline, propriety requires that I ſhould ſacrifice my feelings to the

repoſe of the company; therefore go, my love—I obeyed, but with a reluctant heart, all the ſorrows of my ill-fated parent ruſhed upon my mind, I felt as though the youth before me had been the immediate cauſe of them, (the ultimate one his unprincipled uncle certainly had been) and as ſuch any connection with his family appeared a breach of duty, and the higheſt diſreſpect to her memory: how far, how very far this would be from my heart, you my Harriet can beſt judge. My father met me as I returned from the ball-room, I informed him of my ſituation; he ſeemed diſturbed by it, but comforted me all that lay in his power—He ſpoke of Mr. L—— as having a ſtrong reſemblance in perſon to his deteſted uncle, but different in every other

other reſpect, being as remarkable for his virtues as his relation was for his depravity. I now joined my partner, whoſe elegant manners would have charmed me, could I have forgot I had known Faulkland, and that I was the daughter of Lady Frances Henly: but ſituated as I was nothing gave me pleaſure, and the almoſt equally ſcrutinizing obſervations of Mr. L——, Lady Ann and Faulkland, were infinitely painful—I ardently longed for the hour of ſeparation which I hoped would relieve my embarraſſment, by removing the objects which cauſed it; but here too, I was diſappointed, for on the companies breaking up, Mr. L—— it is true did take his leave, but to my unutterable regret, the other two were, as well as Lady Belvidere and myſelf, en-

gaged to ſpend ſome days with Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth — we ſhortly after withdrew to our reſpective chambers — I paſſed thoſe hours, allotted by the happy and peaceful to repoſe, in uſeleſs repinings at the evil chance which had thrown me under the ſame roof with the man of all others I wiſhed moſt to avoid, and in determining what conduct I ſhould adopt towards him. — Armed with all my fortitude, I attended at the breakfaſt-room with an affected gaity, to which my heart was a ſtranger — Faulkland ſat oppoſite me and contemplated my face with ſuch earneſtneſs as to draw on him the raillery of Mr. Wentworth, who is, what the world calls a blunt good natured man who ſpeaks his mind freely but means no harm. I am ready to agree with the world,

world, that he, as well as others of the ſame good-natured claſs, intend not, tho' they continually do, wound the feelings of their friends; yet, in my opinion, this is ſaying very little for their humanity: for what is it to me if I muſt ſuffer, whether the ſtab is given by deſign or by a want of attention to prevent it, I confeſs that to me the injury appears equal.—Be this as it may, our Hoſt's ill-judged remarks threw not only Faulkland, but Lady Ann and myſelf into great confuſion, which he with the common conſiſtency of his character good-naturedly enjoyed, and moreover adviſed her ladyſhip to keep a ſharp look out on her ſpouſe who was a ſly dog. His long and loud laughter at what he had himſelf ſaid, was of ſervice to us, as it prevented any anſwer

and gave us time to recollect ourſelves, and the entrance of Mr. L—— gave a turn to the diſtreſſing ſubject—This gentleman apologized for his early intruſion, but pleaded his anxiety to be informed of the ladies' healths after their fatigues. —Here was an opening for the man of wit, who archly enquired which of the ladies he was ſo anxious about; his old Rib, it could not be, and the bride it muſt not be; ſure enough then it muſt be the widow, but odd ſo, perhaps it was blue eyes; ah! Harry what ſay you, am I right? what think you of my little angel—Mr. L—— anſwered that his tongue was unable to expreſs what he thought, but that he would venture to ſay that there lived not the man who would not be proud to boaſt of the title he had uſurped,

uſurped, that of calling Miſs Mordaunt his; an angel the world allowed her to be, therefore he could claim no merit for being of the ſame opinion—I congratulated Mr. Wentworth on what he had ſaid as it had given his friend an opportunity of making and me of hearing a very fine ſpeech. Mr. L—— now entreated my pardon for uttering words ſo very inadequate to his feelings; the language of truth, he obſerved, was ever leſs eloquent than that of fiction.—Eager to put an end to this converſation I left the room; dare I confeſs why words inoffenſive, and as I then thought unmeaning, made me uneaſy? yes, I dare, for Harriet knows the purity as well as weakneſs of my heart, and her knowledge of its incorruptibility will make her overlook all its other defects

fects. Thus then it was, trifling as what Mr. L—— ſaid, appeared, yet it made a deep impreſſion on the mind of Faulkland, he ſeemed unhappy and that was ſufficient to make it irkſome to me, for I bluſh to confeſs that I had not yet learned to be indifferent to what diſturbed his repoſe—On my again joining the company, I purſued the plan I had projected of attaching myſelf to Lady Ann as the beſt means of avoiding her huſband. My precaution was neceſſary, for he ſought for opportunities of finding me alone, anxiety to prevent which, made me, I fear, but indifferently ſupport the character I had aſſumed, which was that of a gay trifler; how badly ſuited to my natural diſpoſition! but it was neceſſary, and if not laudable, at leaſt excuſable—

How

How would my friend be ſurprized could ſhe have ſeen me; I ſung, laughed and talked: the words of Dryden might have been juſtly applied to me, "I was every thing by turns and nothing long"—In my anxiety to avoid one evil I run into another, from which no art can extricate me, and which promiſes to overwhelm me by its conſequences—My eagerneſs to avoid Faulkland, led me to encourage the attentions of Mr. L——; he founded hopes on my ill-judged conduct. which, I feel, can never be realized:—He ſuppoſed himſelf in poſſeſſion of my heart, alas! Faulkland alone reigns there, the deceived the ruined Faulkland, for ſuch he is, cannot be driven thence; no, though my fervent prayer to that God whom I profeſs to ſerve, is, that I may never

never more behold him, he cannot be driven hence, he has poſſeſſion of my inmoſt ſoul. After this confeſſion can I or ought I give my hand to another? Tell me Harriet, can I plight my faith at the Altar, and call the Omnipotent to witneſs vows which at the very moment that I make them I know to be falſe? No, no, I cannot; yet this I have promiſed, and a very few days will call on me to perform it. Oh! that I could hope before that dreaded hour comes, to be a clod of the valley.

How I have rambled from the thread of my ſtory; forgive me Harriett for detaining your attention ſo long, it is the prerogative of miſery to be garrulous—

and

and I am eminently entitled to all the priviledge it is allowed.

After having paſſed ſeveral days in the painful occupation of maſking an agonized heart, behind a ſmiling countenance, one unguarded moment rendered all my circumſpection uſeleſs; I had ſeen Mr. Wentworth and Faulkland, depart together, on ſome buſineſs that was to detain them the greater part of the day, I eagerly embraced the opportunity to indulge myſelf in a ſolitary walk, in a very fine garden near the houſe.—The heat of the day drove me into an arbour, where I had not been long before, I was ſurpriſed by Faulkland, who inſulted me, by avowing that he ſtill retained the moſt ardent paſſion for me; not content with this he filled my

my ſoul with indignation by propoſing that I ſhould fly with him to ſome diſtant corner of the world, and live for him alone, ſhocked and enraged I broke from his hold and would have fled, had not a menace againſt my father reached my ears, and arreſted my flight,—concluding from what he had ſaid, that he was maſter of the ſecret of my parent, I threw myſelf at his feet and implored him to have compaſſion on the ſuffering Villeroy.—My entreaties prevailed and he promiſed, (Oh heavens how ſhall I tell you what) he promiſed to conceal mine and Villeroy's infamy, whom by ſome unaccountable miſtake he imagined to be my lover, my criminal lover, all the horror of the thought did not immediately occur to me, the pleaſure to find him ſtill ignorant of that which I moſt dreaded he ſhould know, for a moment filled my breaſt

breaſt, yet it was mingled with contempt for him who could entertain ſuſpicions ſo injurious to me, and kept me ſilent. He held both my hands in his, and in this ſituation we were ſurprized by Lady Ann who withdrew on ſeeing us, ſcorn flaſhing in her eyes and falling from her tongue in the bittereſt words.—Your poor degraded Caroline followed her with intent to clear her innocence, but on my reaching the houſe my reſolution failed me, and I retired to my apartment.—I had not been long there when Lady Ann entered, had I been verily the wretch I concluded ſhe thought me, I could not have trembled more; tears flowed down my cheeks, and I waited her reproaches in ſilence,—with the benignity of a celeſtial ſpirit ſhe preſſed my hand and ſaid, can Miſs Mordaunt

daunt pardon the mean ungrateful conduct of the penitent Anna, will ſhe accept her contrition and deign once more to honour her with her eſteem? can ſhe riſe ſuperior to reſentment and forget the injury ſhe has ſuffered?—I aſked if Faulkland had acquitted me; No, ſhe replied, I have not ſeen him, my heart has acquitted you—Have not I been witneſs to your generous conduct ſince we have been inmates of this houſe? have I not read your wiſhes to avoid my unhappy huſband? have I not obſerved your ſtruggles to wear an appearance foreign to your feelings?—Yes, Miſs Mordaunt, I have been an anxious inſpector of your moſt minute actions, and my gratitude and applauſe muſt ever follow—But tell me, can you forgive the injuſtice I have been guilty of in the moment of paſſion

paſſion? can you pity a heart torn with hopeleſs love and harrowed by regret at having ruined the man whoſe felicity, I would have given my life to have inſured?—Alas! I have undone both myſelf and him. I was penetrated by her ſorrow, I preſſed her to my heart and aſſured her of my friendſhip and forgiveneſs: had I ſtopped here I ſhould have done well, but it was a trying moment, and ſhe wrung from me a confeſſion of myſelf deſtroying attachment to her huſband: I alſo related to her the whole of my connection with him, and the manner of his leaving me, with what had this day paſſed between us in the garden, concealing that part only which concerned my father, not judging it proper to diſcloſe his ſecret, which muſt have been the caſe, had

had I at all mentioned him, or have laid myſelf open to ſuſpicions of an unpleaſant nature.—At the hour of dinner we went down together, which I ſaw very much aſtoniſhed Faulkland.—I endeavoured to affect my uſual chearfulneſs; the attempt coſt me much, though I could not ſucceed: diſcord had touched the key of my heart, and untuned every ſtring, not a note would vibrate but to ſounds of ſorrow.—In the evening I drew Lady Belvidere apart from the reſt of company, and expreſſed my wiſh to return home, in ſo earneſt a manner, that her Ladyſhip ever ſtudious to oblige me, fixed on the following day but one, for our departure.—On her informing Mrs Wentworth of her purpoſe, Faulkland who was preſent, betrayed his reluctance; but on the morning of our taking

taking leave, he loſt his preſence of mind; during breakfaſt he was ſilent, or if compelled to ſpeak, his voice was that of a ſettled deſpair, low and broken, naturally uncommonly melodious, it had now ſomething awful and ſolemn, it pierced my very heart.—The much wiſhed for moment of departure came at laſt; after having bid adieu to every one elſe I approached him, and anxious to take what I hoped would be a laſt look at the man I had ſo often contemplated with a mixture of wonder and delight, I lifted my eyes to his face; it greatly ſhocked me, it was pale and appeared convulſed; I collected all my fortitude and wiſhing him all happineſs, and held out my hand to Mr, L———, and was hurrying out of the room, when Faulkland ſeized it with violence

violence uttering ſomething in ſuch a tone of horror, that I could not underſtand or comprehend it —Terror gave me ſtrength I broke from his graſp, and flying to the carriage I threw myſelf into the arms of my kind patroneſs, conjuring her to ſave me.—She called to the driver to proceed and were ſhortly out of ſight, but it was long before I could recover my ſpirits, ſufficiently to liſten to the kind endeavours of my generous friend, to amuſe me, never did the hall appear to ſuch advantage as at this time; ſince my leaving it, I had not known one quiet moment; my mind had been kept in a conſtant ſtate of anxious perturbation, and I now looked forward with the hope of regaining ſome ſhare of that tranquility I had loſt—Ah! why was I deceived in this expecta-

tion

tion, which I was not permitted long to indulge myſelf in, for the next morning Lady B. put into my hands a letter, telling me it would ſhew me the power I poſſeſſed to render the remnant of her days happy.—It was from the father of Mr. L——— to her, and contained a propoſal from him to drop all animoſities between their families, on her conſenting to give me, with a ſuitable fortune, to his ſon.—He concluded by ſaying; Mr. L——— had given him to underſtand, that he had reaſon to hope there would not any objection be made on the part of the young lady—I fell at the feet of my protectreſs, and would have implored her to ſave me from this marriage, but ſhe prevented my ſpeaking, by entering into a detail of the many bleſſings this match

would bring on herſelf and Lord Henly—At that name, all my reſolution vaniſhed; the thought that I might in ſome degree atone for the wrongs my parent had done him, engroſſed all my mind—I told her, to be inſtrumental to her happineſs was the bounds of my wiſhes; that I was hers, and that ſhe ſhould diſpoſe of me.—Her joy was exceſſive, ſhe called me her guardian angel, the meſſenger of peace to her declining years. In her felicity I forgot for a time my own miſery, and felt proud of the ſacrifice I was about to make; but the romantick emotion ſoon ſubſided, and I now look back with conſternation at what I have agreed to: unable to retract or confirm the hopes I have given, I ſee the preparations that are making for the nuptials with ſilent horror:

too

too irreſolute to determine on any thing, my deſtruction ſeems inevitable, and I will prepare myſelf to meet it,—Yes Harriett I will be the wife of—I will not ſay whom, and a few days muſt bring me an unwilling victim to the altar.—Will my friend attend the ſolemn perjury? will ſhe ſupport her drooping Caroline in the hour of trial? I have requeſted the wedding may be as private as poſſible, for pomp would ill accord with a heart breaking with anguiſh.—The god of marriage will frown upon the deed, he will abſent himſelf from the mock ceremony, or, if preſent, he will carry an inverted torch and a face in tears, but I muſt baniſh thought it will unfit me for acting, and hard is the taſk that I have to execute. — Lord Henly has been made acquainted with

the converſion of his enemies, and is hourly expected in England.—How ſhall the daughter of Lady Frances meet his eye? will the impoſtor be able to endure his preſence? Alas! my Harriett, whether can I fly to avoid all the evils that await me.—There is Faulkland too; but he already thinks me a very wretch, this will confirm his opinion,—Poor deluded youth! may the veil never be drawn if it conduces to your repoſe—may the unhappy Caroline be driven from your heart, and may your deſerving partner poſſeſs it ſolely; the cauſe of your former diſquiet will then ſink in ſilence to the grave, forgotten by all but her long loved Harriett, to whom I fear this is the laſt letter that will bear the name of

CAROLINE MORDAUNT.

LORD

LORD HENLY

TO THE

DUKE OF CHÂTILLON.

My Dear Duke,

In compliance with your Grace's injunctions, I take the earlieſt opportunity to acquaint you of my ſafe arrival in my native country, I wiſh I could add, where I ſhall finiſh my pilgrimage—but the time of my reſidence here is uncertain, as the hopes my friends had entertained

of appeaſing my enemies, have been fruſtrated, and their hatred and conſequent perſecution is now more implacable than ever, ſo much ſo, that every hour I remain is at the hazard of my life, and unleſs I can find means to intereſt my Sovereign in my favour, of which I am very doubtful, the malice and power of my adverſary being equally great, I muſt once more commence wanderer.

I ſhall now proceed to fulfil the promiſe I made you at parting, to make known to you the misfortunes which have driven me for theſe twenty years a joyleſs exile from my friends, family, and connections.

At

At the age of twenty-eight I complied with the wiſhes of my parents and the dictates of my own heart, by marrying a lady of high birth, large fortune, and of uncommon beauty, nor were her intellectual endowments leſs conſpicuous than her perſonal charms. Unfortunately ſhe had been educated in the ſchool of faſhion, where ſhe had imbibed a taſte for all manner of diſſipation, ill-ſuiting with my ſentiments of the wedded life—I propoſed to her to accompany me into the country for a few months, which ſhe refuſed—I remonſtrated with a harſhneſs which offended her. Naturally haughty in her diſpoſition, ſhe could not brook controul, and ſcorned to yield to my commands what ſhe would perhaps have granted to my entreaty. My evil deſtiny

prompted me to reſent her diſobedience, by going the journey I had propoſed, and leaving her in town. I was ſhortly recalled by a mandate from my gracious and Royal Maſter, who thought me worthy to ſerve him as his Embaſſador at the Court of Spain. I thought the beſt proof I could give of my gratitude, was by my readineſs to enter upon my employment. Accordingly, in leſs than a month, I took leave of my wife, who, to my great regret, ſeemed not to feel any reluctance at our ſeparation.—I had not been long abſent when I received intimation of her diſſipated ſtate of living. My opinion of her was ſuch, that thoſe informations only filled me with fears for her health, till a letter from my father ſpoke of recent indiſcretions ſhe had

had been guilty of, in regard to Sir H. L——, which alarmed me for my honour: This gentleman had been formerly a lover of Lady Frances, and had been rejected by her father on account of his depraved morals and abandoned character—Senſible of my danger, I requeſted to be recalled from my embaſſy, which after various delays was granted to me—In the interim I received accounts that my wife was retired into the country: this would have made me happy, had not the information gone farther, and told me that Sir Harry had left town at the ſame time, and that he had made it no ſecret he was to attend her in her rural expedition. I loſt not a moment, but travelling with all expedition, I had reached Dunkirk, when I was met by a

meſſenger from my father, who waited my arrival at Dover; his parental affection being too great to ſuffer me to hear the ſtory of my ſhame but from himſelf, who ſo deeply felt for my misfortune —I was prepared by the courier to expect ill news, but of what complexion I was ignorant till I joined the Earl, who welcomed me to England with a countenance dreſſed in ſorrow, and a boſom over-charged with woe—I requeſted to know the cauſe; he took me by the hand, and looking mournfully in my face, ſaid, "Grenville I am afraid to tell you, for it will harrow up your heart, your wife"—My affection was alarmed, I precipitately exclaimed, Heavens! is ſhe dead? I would ſhe were replied my father, but ſhe lives, and has branded you with infamy; ſhe has brought

brought into the world a living proof of her own vileneſs and your diſhonour—You muſt be expeditious to wipe away, by the blood of her ſeducer, the ſtain that ſhe has thrown upon you —It would be needleſs to tell your Grace that I was overwhelmed with grief at my father's recital, under which I ſhould have ſunk, had not the deſire of revenge ſupported me, ſo very dear was this ungrateful woman to my heart—My anxious parent continued to urge me to vengeance, not only on the villain who had undone me, but alſo on the miſerable partner of his guilt—againſt her my mind retained no idea of puniſhment, for it was diſtracted with fears leſt ſhe might inflict it on herſelf; to avert which I ſtudied in what words I ſhould convey my pardon to her

and reconcile her to herſelf, peace, and her huſband. My fond deſigns in her favour were however fruſtrated; for on our arrival at the place of her reſidence, we were informed that two nights before ſhe had left the houſe with a female attendant, though in ſuch a ſtate as made it impoſſible for her to remove without endangering her life. We learned upon enquiry, that her companion had obtained, under a ſtratagem, the little innocent publiſher of its mother's crime, from its nurſe—Her flight was a freſh blow to my already broken heart, it had bereft me of all my hopes, and prevented me the power of any gratification but ſuch as revenge would give.—Spies had been placed to watch the motions of Sir Harry L—— who was in London; but on the moſt

moſt minute enquiries and obſervations, we could find no reaſon to think that Lady Frances was with him—I queſtioned her domeſticks on the conduct of their miſtreſs, and what company ſhe had received during the confinement of Lady Leſlie, a relation who had accompanied her in her retirement. They all ſolemnly proteſted that ſhe had not admitted one viſitor, that her chief amuſement had been walking; but the ſteward confeſſed, that on their firſt coming down, he had frequently ſeen Sir Harry L—— near the houſe, and that once he had ſeen his Lady in converſation with him in a retired grove of trees at ſome diſtance from the manſion, and that ſhe ſtayed out much later that evening than had been common for her to do. This fatal informa-

tion

tion left no room for doubt, I inſtantly wrote to him in the following words:

"If Sir Harry L—— has not, with every other principle of honour, and virtue, loſt that of courage, he will give me an opportunity of receiving ſatisfaction for the injury he has done me—To him I leave it to fix the time, place, and weapons.—As the meeting muſt determine the fate of one of us, and the chance is pretty equal, I would not prevent his taking whatever time he may think neceſſary to adjuſt his worldly concerns; yet, I ſhall hope that he will appoint an early day, when I may either revenge the diſgrace he has been the author of, or periſh in the attempt"—I received for anſwer as thus:

"Faith

"Faith, my Lord I can hardly think the injury, as your Lordſhip terms it, that I have done you, is worth fighting about; nevertheleſs, I ſhall gratify you by a meeting, the preliminaries of which your Lordſhip will ſettle with the bearer—make the when, where, and how, perfectly agreeable to yourſelf, as they are quite indifferent to me, my only end in this buſineſs being to convince you that courage is not among all the other virtues of which your Lordſhip has ſo politely deprived me."

Your Grace will conclude I did not appoint a diſtant day, I repaired with my friend at the time, to the place fixed on—Sir Harry with his, ſoon arrived, and we took our ground.—As the challenger, I had

I had the firſt fire, and ſlightly grazed his arm; I prepared to receive his, when he thus addreſſed me, "Fore-gad, my Lord, your life would not be worth a farthing, were I inclined to take advantage of your ſituation, I never miſs my aim, but I only came here to ſatisfy your Lordſhip, that I was not a coward, which I conclude I have done, therefore I wiſh you a good morning." He was going, when I called to him to ſtop, aſſuring him nothing leſs than the life of one of us ſhould ſuffice. He returned to his ground, and bid me fire till I was tired; but as he was not of quite ſo blood-thirſty a diſpoſition, as I had declared myſelf to be, he would not return my fire, that, on his honour, if ſome reports he had heard were true, the lady who cauſed this quarrel was not,

in

in his opinion, worth defending.—Enraged at this, I advanced towards him, holding in my hand my undiſcharged piſtol, which unexpectedly went off, and the contents lodged in the heart of my adverſary, who expired at the inſtant. All was conſternation, nor did I think of providing for my ſafety, till urged by my ſervant, who had advanced on the diſcharge of my ſecond piſtol. Following his advice, we mounted the horſes that had been prepared, and in a ſhort time I was beyond the power of juſtice, but not of miſery—time and diſtance have proved ineffectual to aſſuage my griefs; the friendſhip of your Grace has oftentimes mitigated them, and enabled me to ſupport a life bereft of every other comfort.—The accounts I received from my friends,

added

added to my affliction; they gave me to underſtand I was conſidered as a baſe aſſaſſin, who had taken advantage of an unguarded man, that had behaved with the utmoſt generoſity and courage, and that my beſt friends imputed my conduct to madneſs. Appearances were certainly ſtrongly againſt me, and by thoſe I was condemned: not daring to throw myſelf on the laws of my country, I was proclaimed an outlaw, and as ſuch have dragged out a weary exiſtence for twenty years, during which time I have carefully ſought to learn the fate of the ſtill loved Lady Frances, but the total darkneſs which attends it, leads me to believe an early death, cauſed moſt probably by her flying to avoid me, has put

put a period to her misfortunes, though not to mine.

I have now completed the task your Grace assigned me, and related to you the occasion of that sorrow which has been my constant companion; nor do I indulge any hopes that my future days will be more happy. The revisiting my native land has brought to my mind scenes, which, if not entirely forgotten, were at least less poignant; every object reminds me that I was once blest, and I cannot help comparing those days with the present: the prospect fills me with despair, and I no longer feel that desire of life which nature has implanted in every other breast; yet, no new misfortune has befallen me, whence then this indifference?

ence? why was I, when a wretched exile and a ſtranger in a foreign land, ſtudious to preſerve that which I would now moſt willingly reſign, might I avoid an ignominious death? for that I then valued exiſtence, the gratitude I ſtill feel for the man who preſerved it, muſt witneſs.—As I do not recollect having ever mentioned this circumſtance to your Grace, I will here acquaint you with it: While in Germany, I was aſſaulted by ſome ruffians, I was unarmed, and the place unfrequented; ſuch reſiſtance as I could make was ſoon overcome, and I was on the point of falling a ſacrifice, when a gentleman on horſeback came to my aſſiſtance; he wore the appearance of a God, and ſeemed endued with the power and courage of one, for in a moment he

reſcued

reſcued me from the aſſailants, who were four in number; then binding up my wounds, placed me on his horſe and ſupported me till we reached a houſe, where having provided every thing I ſtood in need of, he left me.—I retained a faint recollection of his having called me by my name and title, as he raiſed me from the ground; I likewiſe perceived him to be an Engliſhman, but my loſs of blood rendered me too weak to aſk any queſtions. My impatience to thank my deliverer and to know to whom I was ſo much indebted, was very great, but it has remained unſatisfied, though he called ſeveral times to enquire about my recovery, he never could be prevailed on to enter my room, and on being told I wiſhed to ſee him, he excuſed himſelf till the following

following day, but never more returned, nor have I been able to diſcover any clue which could lead me to the knowledge of my noble diſintereſted preſerver. His form is ever preſent to me, and were I to meet him in any part of the globe, I ſhould recollect and pour forth my boundleſs gratitude to him.

Your Grace will pardon my having troubled you with this recital, and believe me, with all grateful remembrances,

Your GRACE's moſt obliged

and very humble Servant,

HENLY.

MISS

MISS MORDAUNT

TO

MISS BEVIL.

WILL the perſevering friendſhip of my Harriet ſtill follow her poor Caroline, now that ſhe is robbed of her fair fame, now that ſhe is become the jeſt of the ſcoffer? or will ſhe, like the reſt of the world, only ſmile, while fortune ſmiles? oh! forgive the thought, it was unworthy the friend whoſe generous friendſhip

friendſhip and affection are the firſt, I might ſay the only bleſſings of my life, for that which to others proves a ſource of happineſs, to me, turns to calamity—My Harriet will not deem me a wanton repiner, when I have related to her the ſource of my preſent complaint; yet, do not let me ſay I complain, for indeed I do not, nor have I reaſon; for though the evil I ſuſtain is great, the pollution it has ſaved me from (for ſurely a marriage which the heart diſapproves may be termed pollution) will more than recompence me for all the ills I can indure from the loſs of fame.

I had hardly diſpatched my laſt letter acquainting you of my intended marriage, when I was informed Sir Robert L——

deſired

deſired to ſee me, I inſtantly went down and found his ſon with him, Sir Robert gave me a paper to read, its contents were, " Sir Robert L——, if you would ſave your ſon from ruin, and yourſelf from mortification and diſgrace, prevent his marriage with Miſs Mordaunt, who is an artful tool in the hands of Lady Belvidere, to procure the pardon of Lord Henly, and at the ſame time revenge herſelf on you for the ſuppoſed injuries you have done her family.—As you may not give credit to the aſſertions of a nameleſs informer, I ſhall refer you to the young Lady herſelf, who I believe is not yet ſufficiently tutored in hypocriſy to withhold the truth when unexpectedly accuſed, more particularly as in her marriage with Mr. L—— the intereſt of her patroneſs, and

not her wiſhes has been conſulted. I will only requeſt you to put the following queſtions to her: Firſt, is ſhe any ways related to Lady Belvidere? Secondly, what her connection is with Colonel Villeroy? If ſhe gives ſteady, unequivocal and ſatisfactory anſwers to thoſe demands, I would have you look upon the writer of this as a baſe defamer of innocence; but if on the contrary ſhe betrays an evident confuſion, I adviſe you to be cautious how you truſt the happineſs of your ſon in her hands".

When Sir Robert perceived I had done reading, he addreſſed me, ſaying, "The deep intereſt I take in the happineſs of my ſon, makes it neceſſary I ſhould require poſitive anſwers to the queſtions propoſed in

in the letter, which I doubt not you can readily comply with"—He then waited a little, expecting my reply, but finding I made no attempt to ſpeak, he drew near, and fixing his eyes ſteadily upon mine, he deſired I would declare the truth, whether or not I was a relation of Lady Belvidere's—I anſwered that I was not—Who then are you? he demanded—I ſaid I was the child of diſtreſs, deſtitute of parents, friends and fortune, a needy dependant upon the moſt generous of women, a creature, whoſe only portion, ſave what ſhe derives from her bounty, is, integrity of heart. He remained buried in thought, at length he continued, "you have anſwered fairly, now ſatisfy me in regard to the ſecond query, what is your connection with Colonel

Villeroy?" What could I ſay? I knew not, therefore was ſilent. Mr. L—— advanced, and with a faultering voice, conjured me to ſpeak, "ſay, Caroline, what is your connection with Colonel Villeroy? in the name of Heaven, do you even know him?" Thus urged, I could no longer refrain, I told him I knew him well, but cruelly ſituated as I was, I could give him no other ſatisfaction, and entreated permiſſion to retire. Sir Robert aſſured me I had his leave, as he was perfectly convinced from my anſwers, that unleſs he was deſirous of giving his ſon to perdition, he muſt find him a wife who had fewer ſecrets—They would therefore bid adieu to this houſe, after he had thanked the miſtreſs of it, for the honour ſhe had intended him, by uniting

uniting his ſon to a nameleſs beggar, the acknowledged companion of Colonel Villeroy; he was proceeding, I called to him, ſaying, hold Sir, nor wrong by your unjuſt ſuſpicions, my noble benefactreſs, ſhe meant not to injure you, ſhe knows not of Villeroy, ſhe knows not how forlorn a creature ſhe would have given to your ſon; ſhe knows that the blood of her family runs not through theſe veins, but ſhe knows no more; ſhe too is impoſed on, the good, the generous Lady Belvidere harbours in her boſom an impoſtor.— He ſtayed no longer, but calling to his ſon with an angry voice, to follow him, they left the room. I retired to mine, to conſult my heart what was to be done in this trying dilemma — An hour did not paſs, before Lady Belvidere came to me;

aſtoniſhment was in her countenance, ſhe ſat down by me, but was unable to ſpeak; at length ſhe ſaid, abruptly, Caroline, I hope you do not love Mr. L—— for he is unworthy your regard, tell me therefore you do not love him, let me have at leaſt one comfort in my diſtreſs, let me know that you are not unhappy at his loſs, for he will never be your huſband—His father has diſcovered, by ſome means, that you are not related to me, and has meanly made that his pretext to refuſe you, he loads you with calumny, calls you a nameleſs beggar, but ſtops not here; he has dared to traduce your virgin innocence, he ſpeaks of you as a guilty wretch, the proſtitute of, I know not whom, for rage would no longer ſuffer me to liſten to his inſulting falſhoods—I called

my

my ſervants to drive him from my houſe, and he has left it, vowing revenge.—Here my maid entered, and delivered me a note, it was from Mr. L——, and contained theſe words:

"Madam, I break through a father's commands to take a laſt leave, and expreſs my ardent wiſhes for your future happineſs—nor is this my only motive for intruding myſelf on you, for I would wiſh Lady Belvidere to be informed, that England is no longer a place of ſafety for her brother, ſhe had better, therefore, as ſhe values his life, prevent his coming, for Sir Robert has put a ſtop to the parpon of which he had obtained the promiſe, and now purſues with redoubled fury, his deſire of revenge on the unfor-

tunate Lord Henly.—I would ſay more, Madam, but my mind is ſo aſtoniſhed at the events of this day, and my heart ſo torn with a conflict of paſſion, that I am unable to proceed; I ſhall, therefore, only repeat my wiſhes, that your remaining years may be crowned with felicity, which ſhall never be diſturbed by the complaints or upbraidings of the diſtreſſed and amazed H. L——."

I put the paper into the hands of Lady B——; ſhe wept, and exclaimed, "Here indeed I am vulnerable—Oh! my beloved brother, to what has my imprudent fondneſs expoſed you—Alas! my Caroline, he may be this moment in England—Fool, fool that I was, what do I ſay? he may be this very hour in the hands of his

his enemies."—The comfort I could give, was very little, but like our Almighty Maſter, ſhe accepted the will when the power was wanting—In the evening we were alone, I endeavoured to take her from her own thoughts, by entertaining her with thoſe of others. The inſtructive morality of the Rambler had raiſed us above our cares, and admiration of the divine author employed our tongues, when we were interrupted by the trampling of horſes, in an inſtant the door opened, and a ſtranger ruſhed into the room—I was not long ignorant who it was, for the reception he met with from my revered patroneſs, quickly convinced me it was the much-injured Lord Henly —At that moment I wiſhed heartily for the houſe to fall upon me, ſo that it

would ſave me from his ſight—Lady Belvidere preſented him to me, but he was too much occupied with the late interview, to take any further notice than by a bow—I joyfully ſeized the opportunity to retire to my own room and left them together; on my return, Lord Henly, overcome by fatigue, had retired to reſt; it was with the utmoſt reluctance I attended breakfaſt the next morning; on going down, I found I was waited for, his Lordſhip's back was towards me, I ſpoke to Lady Belvidere, at the ſound of my voice he ſtarted, and turned haſtily round, but he had no ſooner ſeen me, than he ſunk back into a chair.—Not recollecting what my father had told me of the wonderful reſemblaece both of my face

face and voice, to thoſe of my unhappy mother, I ran to his aſſiſtance, earneſtly begging to know what I could do for him. Every word I uttered increaſed his agitation, till at laſt calling to his ſiſter, he implored her to take away that image of his loſt Fanny, unleſs ſhe would wiſh to ſee him expire on the ſpot. She knew not what he meant, but I too well underſtood him, and left the room with precipitation; I was ſoon recalled; Lord Henly met me, apologizing for his behaviour; I attempted to accept of his excuſe, when turning from me, he proteſted my voice was more than he could bear, it quite unmanned him—I would have retired, but he prevented me, and taking me by the hand, led me to the window, where

he contemplated my face, the large drops trickling down his cheeks, till his eyes were dimned by the ſuffuſion, then letting fall my hand, he threw himſelf on the ſofa, and wept aloud—Oh! my Harriet, what a ſituation was mine, I trembled ſo, that it was with difficulty I ſupported myſelf—His anguiſh at length abated, he perceived my emotion, and again begged pardon, but I did not venture to ſpeak; he contemplated me with a fixed attention, then with a ſigh, that ſeemed to rend his boſom, ſaid, "Spirit of my Frances, I know not why thou art ſent thus to recall to my already too retentive memory, that form which bleſt my happieſt hours, the loſs of which has rendered dark and cheerleſs every ſucceeding one;

perhaps

perhaps to my comfort, and as ſuch I will accept thee, and from this moment adopt you mine."—I thought my heart would have burſt, yet my tears flowed apace; he wiped them away, ſaying, lovely Caroline, had the woman whoſe very image you are, but poſſeſſed your ſoftneſs, I had not now been the wretch I am; in that you are unlike her, nor did ſhe wear that look of ſorrow, I hope it reaches not beyond your face, it ſhall henceforth be my care to keep it from your heart—Thou haſt no father, I will be one to you.—Each word he ſpoke was a poignard in my breaſt—"Thou haſt no father,' I know not why, ſtruck horror through my whole frame—Indeed my friend, the ſcenes I have lately encountered,

countered, have weakened my mind, as well as my body — I truſt no more ſuch await me, for I ſhould ill ſupport them; this, with Lord Henly, has ſhook me much, nor does his preſence grow familiar to me, though he delights in mine. He is become calm and tranquil, and I do all in my power to divert his thoughts, and am greatly rewarded by the ſucceſs of my efforts, and the bleſſings of my indulgent patroneſs. — My prayers have been heard, and I have eſcaped a marriage which would have offended the ſpirit of my mother, and driven me for ever from my father — for this bounty, I think my fame, dearly as I prized it, a cheap recompence — Then, Harriet, why is not this perturbed heart at reſt? alas! Faulk-

land

land is ſtill maſter of its movements; with ſhame I confeſs, he reigns there with unbounded and tyrannical ſway, and drives peace for ever from it,

Farewel, my deareſt friend,

C. MORDAUNT.

HON. H. FAULKLAND,

TO

CHARLES NEVIL, ESQ.

SHORT, very ſhort was the duration of the triumph, my laſt informed you I had obtained—I have, it is true, ſeperated Mr L——— from Miſs Mordaunt, I have deprived him of happineſs, but will that reſtore me to peace? No Nevil, I feel I am not yet villain enough to derive ſatisfaction from having made a

fellow

fellow creature miſerable, and this is the only advantage I have gained by my boaſted ſucceſs, for I ſee with alarm that I have only ſnatched the object of my wiſhes from the arms of a huſband, to yield her up to thoſe of a lover, and all my contrivance has ended in the felicity of Villeroy, the very man to whom I am indebted for the ſorrow which has blighted every promiſed pleaſure of my youth: but I will be revenged, this adulterer ſhall no longer enjoy the fruits of my labours; had not my coward heart failed me, he had not now offended heaven by the repetition of his crimes—Thus it was; in my nightly watch near the houſe that contains all my treaſure, I had ſeveral times ſeen a perſon enter the garden by a private door, and always at the ſame hour; his conſtantly

ſtantly returning, led me to ſuppoſe that he was not one of the family, and on nearer inſpection I diſcovered it to be this infamous ſeducer, who was then going to the expecting Caroline,—I waited his return with a determination to prevent his future viſits—his ſtay this evening was ſhorter than common, which cauſed me to be unprepared when he made his appearance; in my hurry the piſtol I had intended to uſe, fell from my hand; he heard it drop, and returning, ſaid, "Sir, do not alight, I will give it to you" and putting it in my hand, wiſhed me a good night and went his way,—There was ſomething in his voice and manner that diſarmed me of my thirſt of revenge, and I felt a momentary pleaſure that it had not been gratified; but the recollec-

tion,

tion, that tomorrow would again ſee him bleſt, recalled my deſire of vengeance, and I prepared to follow him, when the idea of taking away the life of a defenceleſs man, and with the very inſtrument his urbanity had put into my hand, covered me with ſhame, and I returned home, thanking heaven I had eſcaped a deed that would have branded my name with eternal infamy.—But Charles, he muſt not go unpuniſhed, though I dare not be the inflicter of juſtice, no I dare not, for how could I approach the ſorrowing Caroline, I, whoſe hands were embrued in the blood of her lover, her favoured lover; what could I hope in ſuch a ſituation; ſhould I not become the object of her hatred, of the hatred of Caroline—by heavens I could not ſurvive that hour.

The

The thought that it is poſſible, diſtracts me,—thus then ſtands the account,—Villeroy muſt not live; by me he cannot die; what courſe then is left me, but to arm the hand of another againſt him.—My mind preſents me at this moment with an apt circumſtance; this night ſhall prove its ſucceſs—farewell, pray for your fallen friend, for I have ceaſed to pray for myſelf,

H. FAULKLAND.

CHARLES

CHARLES NEVIL, ESQ.

TO THE

HON. H. FAULKLAND.

FALLEN indeed! from the pinnacle of honour to the verieſt dregs of infamy.—Hide your heads you ſons of virtue, your patron, your brighteſt example has diſgraced you; the brave, the elegant, the noble Faulkland is turned aſſaſſin; let me recall my words, he has not even dared to be that, he employs another

another hand to do a deed, which he has wickedneſs enough, but wants courage to perform himſelf, — ſome venal wretch whoſe poverty and not his will, perhaps conſents, is plunged into perdition, and will, when too late, curſe, and moſt probably betray his daſtardly employer — Thus far I have ſuffered myſelf to ſuppoſe you the wretch you deſcribe, but cannot longer injure you by ſuch unmerited ſuſpicions; yet though I know you incapable of the unmanly baſeneſs mentioned in your letter, my friendſhip is alarmed at the ſtate your mind muſt have been in, before it could have dictated ſo diſgraceful a performance; I muſt therefore once more warn you to call reaſon to your aſſiſtance, e're ſhe, offended at your neglect, flies you for ever. — Attend to me, Henry, will not

Faulkland

Faulkland liſten to the voice of his Nevil, to the voice that would allure him to the paths of peace and honour.—Oh! ſuffer me to guide you back through the maze into which you have ſtrayed,—it is not yet too late to correct your devious ſteps, ſtop here and all may be well, one ſtep more and hope is fled.—leſt my entreaties ſhould fail of ſucceſs, I will acquaint you with ſuſpicions I have entertained for ſome time, but which I concealed as long as I thought it would contribute to your repoſe; that now ceaſes to be the caſe, I may therefore intruſt you with my doubts concerning the guilt of the man whoſe life you would have taken, had not providence unnerved your arm and touched you with the feelings of humanity.—Did you not in the preſent darkened ſtate of your mind, be-

hold

hold every thing through a falſe medium, you would acknowledge the hand of heaven to be conſpicuous in his preſervation, and thence draw concluſions that he is innocent, which I firmly believe him to be, notwithſtanding the cauſe you have to ſuppoſe the contrary. I have had opportunity, and did not paſs it by, of learning the character of Colonel Villeroy, it is fair and open as the light, his youth has been waſted in ſorrow, for the loſs of a friend — Miſs Mordaunt too, if report ſpeaks true, and it ſeldom lies on the favourable ſide, poſſeſſes the purity of an angel; is it poſſible ſuch a man would turn ſeducer? is it poſſible ſuch a woman would be ſeduced? beſides there appears to me ſome myſtery in every thing that regards Miſs Mordaunt; even the letter

of

of which your unjuſtifiable curioſity led you to become maſter, ſeems problamatical; and though I know not in what other light to look upon the writer of it, yet I cannot perſuade myſelf to think him her lover.

I delay not a moment in diſpatching this to you, with the hopes that it may prevail on you to "ſprinkle cool patience on the heat and flame of your diſtemper;" you may then live, to be again the honour and happineſs of your relations, and the pride and delight of your

CHARLES NEVIL.

LORD HENLY

TO THE

DUKE OF CHATILLON.

THE Clock has juſt ſtruck two; it is an hour marked out by Nature for repoſe, when the miſerable and happy alike forget their ſorrows and their joys—Even the inhabitants of this dwelling, where ſo lately all was terrour and confuſion, are lulled to reſt, or at leaſt confine their diſtreſſes to their own boſoms; all

all is huſhed, the lamentations of woe no longer reach my ears; I will employ theſe moments of ſilence in telling my friend that I am an hour hence to commence once more my exhiled pilgrimage, with an additional weight of blood upon my head, and encreaſed bitterneſs of heart — I acquainted your Grace with the riſk I ran by remaining in England; it was ſuch as made it neceſſary for me to conceal myſelf, and my arrival from the knowledge of my enemies. — To accompliſh this end, I ſeldom went out, and never but in diſguiſe, through which I thought it impoſſible any eye could penetrate. — Here I was deceived, for this evening as I was returning home, I was accoſted by a ſtranger, who put into my hand a paper, ſaying, "Loſe no time in

reading its contents"—this the brightneſs of the moon enabled me immediately to do, when I was aſtoniſhed by the following words, written with a pencil: "Be upon your guard, Lord Henly, you are way-laid, and to retreat is impoſſible."—I conſulted with my faithful ſervant, who adviſed my paſſing through the garden, the gate of which I was then near, by this means I might reach the houſe undiſcovered, while he would go round by the uſual way, to remove any impediment that might obſtruct my paſſage from the want of keys—I accordingly entered the garden; I had not gone far, when I heard the ſound of a voice, ſpeaking in a low tone—I pauſed, undetermined what to do, but the recollection of the words, "to retreat is impoſſible,"

made

made me reſolve to proceed, and taking my piſtols from my pockets, which, regard to my ſafety made me always carry, I advanced, purpoſing to ſell my life if they would have it.—As I was about to paſs the ſpot from whence the ſound of the voice iſſued, it again caught my ear, and I diſtinctly heard the word "opportunity," and at the inſtant ſaw a man come out of an arbour—Without waiting for further proof of his deſign, I diſcharged a piſtol at him; he fell, and I fled towards the houſe; but the cries of a female tempted me to return to the place I had quitted, where I found the wounded body ſtretched on the ground, without a ſign of life, and by his ſide a woman, as apparently dead.—My ſervant, who had got through the houſe, now approached,

and aſſiſted me to convey the bodies away—On raiſing the female, who had fallen with her face to the ground, to my unſpeakable aſtoniſhment, I diſcovered it to be a young lady, who had for ſome time been the adopted daughter of my ſiſter Lady Belvidere, and for whom I entertained the moſt unbounded affection, firſt reſulting from the amazing reſemblance ſhe bare to my dear, unfortunate Frances, and confirmed by the numberleſs virtues that adorn her mind. I had conſidered her as a being ſent by Heaven, to adminiſter comfort to me; I too had adopted her as the child of my heart, what then muſt have been the agony of my ſoul, when on her returning life I ſaw her throw herſelf on the ſtill breathleſs body of the wounded man, and

heard

heard her reproach me as the murderer of her father. Lady Belvidere aſſured me that the fright muſt have deprived her of her ſenſes, for that the gentleman ſhe called her father, was a Colonel Villeroy, of the neighbourhood.—He at this moment ſhewed ſigns of life, and ſoon after attempted to ſpeak comfort to the diſtracted Caroline.—The voice, tho' weak and faultering, ſtruck on my heart, I was certain I was no ſtranger to it.—On contemplating his countenance, oh, my God! what was the anguiſh and ſurprize I felt at recollecting the now well remembered features of my brave deliverer from the hands of ruffians.—Rendered frantick by grief, I accuſed Heaven of cruelty, in thus making me repay ſo great a benefit by inflicting death

on my benefactor—He raiſed his dying eyes to my face, and bid me forbear to tax unerring Juſtice, and to bend to that power which had, by unforeſeen events, brought the man who had been the deſtroyer of my peace, to receive the puniſhment due to his crime from my hand. I liſtened with eagerneſs, while he proceeded, "You ſee before you, my Lord, the ſeducer of the ill-fated Lady Frances Henly; and in the ſuffering Caroline, you view the fruits of that unhappy connection"—The ſtory is too long for me to relate; from her, ſhould ſhe ſurvive me, you may learn it—It will inform you, that you alone did not drink of the cup of affliction—but I feel I am dying, and would wiſh to obtain your forgiveneſs before I appear at the great Tribunal

Tribunal—Say, can you ſpeak peace and pardon to the man, who in a moment of paſſion, deprived you of happineſs and honour, but who at the ſame moment took as inſeperable companions to his boſom, penitence and deſpair"—He pauſed, and I pronounced ſuch forgiveneſs as I truſt my offences may hereafter receive from an All-Merciful Judge. He preſſed my hand with fervency, and in a broken voice, ſcarcely intelligible, juſt articulating—generous—I thank you—he ſunk back, and a moment after, expired—He did not part with my hand till the lamp of life was finally extinguiſhed.—The ſolemn ſcene now impreſſed my mind with an awful ſenſe of the unerring juſtice of Providence, which never permits guilt to go unpuniſhed: yet I would

he had been ſpared, his blood hangs heavy on me, but it was the will of Heaven, and I ſubmit.—Your Grace will perceive that Sir H. L—— was innocent, at leaſt of the crime for which he died; this knowledge will add to the reſentment of his powerful friends, and render it impoſſible for me ever to reſide in my native country; I ſhall, therefore, this night, bid a laſt adieu to it, and endeavour to forget how dear it has been to me—I will henceforward have no country, but being a citizen of the world, open my hand and heart to the ſons and daughters of affliction—No matter whence they come—deſtitute of happineſs within myſelf, I muſt ſearch for it among thoſe whoſe ſufferings are, not like mine, beyond relief, and by the prudent

dent diſtribution of that wealth I cannot enjoy myſelf, leſſen and mitigate the calamities of others, and thus take to my boſom one comfort, of which, not all the malice of my fate can deprive me

I ſhall now take my leave of your Grace, nor further obtrude my ſorrows upon you till me meet, when I ſhall lay open every wound of my heart to the gentle probe of friendſhip, well aſſured that, though it is beyond the reach of art to heal them, you will alleviate their pain by participating of it.

HENLY.

HON. HENRY FAULKLAND

TO

CHARLES NEVIL, ESQ.

YOUR Letter, Nevil, reached me too late to prevent the diſhonour it would have guarded me againſt—Villeroy, the innocent Villeroy is no more, murdered, not by the hand of the coward Faulkland, but by the contrivance of his baſe unmanly heart.—Before I recite the infamous tranſaction, let me aſk you, why

why you did not ſooner inform me of your ſuſpicions, in regard to the connection of this unfortunate man with Miſs Mordaunt?—But the queſtion is of as little uſe as your too late communication. Oh! Charles, had you diſcloſed your thoughts one day, but only one day earlier, it had ſaved me from perdition, Villeroy from death, and the lovely injured Caroline from deſpair—By your ill-judged ſilence you have ruined the man you loved; yet why ſhould I upbraid you, you intended me kindneſs, unfortunately you were miſtaken.

From the contents of your letter, I find that I had made you acquainted with ſome part of the diabolical ſcheme I had projected, and which has been too ſucceſsfully

ceſsfully executed.—The ſtate of my mind was ſuch, that I have no recollection of any thing which paſſed on the day on which the execrable deed was perpetrated, till I found myſelf at the entrance of Lady Belvidere's garden, a ſpot, where I had moſtly, of late, paſſed my unhappy hours. I had not been long here, when Colonel Villeroy appeared, and was admitted into the garden by Miſs Mordaunt herſelf, whoſe voice I heard, bidding him welcome.—Prompted by deſpair, I reſolved to follow, and take immediate vengeance, but I was prevented by the approach of two men on horſeback, who I ſoon knew to be the out-lawed Lord Henly and his ſervant—I had ſome evenings before penetrated his diſguiſe, and had then formed

formed the project of making his arm the inſtrument of my revenge—The ſight of him recalled it to my mind—I haſtily wrote with my pencil ſome words, warning him of danger from his enemies, and putting the paper which contained them, into his hands, bid him loſe no time in reading it. Having ſaid thus, I retired to a place where I could obſerve him. He did as I had directed him, and after conſulting with his attendant, entered the very gate through which Villeroy had paſſed, and which he had neglected to faſten after him—I now followed, with the intent, I believe, to be myſelf the executioner of both the lovers, ſhould Lord Henly, as was poſſible, reach the houſe without encountering them — but here I was foiled, by his Lordſhip having

locked

locked it at his entrance—Thus defeated, I placed my ear to the key-hole, and waited anxiouſly, what would follow; a few moments convinced me I had not erred in my conjecture, that ſituated as Lord Henly was, he would conclude every ſhadow a lurking foe, againſt which he would keep himſelf armed, and moſt probably, on the firſt appearance of a man, at that ſuſpicious hour and place, and after the myſterious notice he had received of being way-laid, he would without waiting further certainty, ſave his own life by taking that of the man who ſought it; for the diſcharge of a piſtol, which was inſtantly followed by the cries of the diſtracted Caroline, gave me the joyful intelligence that Villeroy had ſuffered.—Satisfied with this knowledge,

I returned

I returned home, where, Devil like, I paſſed the night in eager expectation of the horrid tale the morning would delight me with.—That morning at length arrived, the ſun ſhone bright; why Nevil did it ſhine on a deed ſo black, and upon a wretch marked out by Providence to endure the wrath of Heaven, and to be a ſcourge to thoſe to whom he ſhould have been a bleſſing? Fear, the conſtant attendant on guilt, detained me in my room beyond my uſual time of quitting it—I dreaded to meet the eye of my loweſt domeſtick and paſſed my hours in ſtudying a mode of conduct that might ſecure me from ſuſpicion, the adopting of which would moſt probably be the very means to render me an object of it, as obſervers would naturally be

be led to account for my altered behaviour: thus does the villain defeat his own ends, by an over-acted circumſpection. Where was the probability of my being ſuppoſed the contriver of this bloody deed? where, but in my own accuſing conſcience — had it not been projected, and executed in ſilence, and under the double covert of the night and diſguiſe? — The ſudden appearance of Lady Ann, proved to me how futile every concerted plan of prudence was, that had not truth and honour for its baſis; for the ſight of her drove from my remembrance, every trace of the manner in which I had but a moment before determined to act, and left me in a ſtate of confuſion, which could not have eſcaped her notice, had ſhe been in a ſituation

ſituation to attend to me, but engroſſed by her own terrors, ſhe did not obſerve mine. With a voice of ſorrow and diſmay, ſhe ſaid, Faulkland, I have a recital to make that will tear your heart in ſunder; the angel Caroline is dying, ſome curſed wretch, a foe to every thing that is humane or good, has by his infernal art, driven her to ruin and deſpair.—Having diſcovered that the exhiled Lord Henly was returned to England, he has, to gratify ſome fiend-like malice, by alarming him with fears for his own ſafety, armed his hand againſt the life of her father, whom he murdered laſt night while in converſation with his daughter in a garden which leads to the houſe—The wound will prove as fatal to my friend, as to the unfortunate Villeroy; for

for the accounts are, that ſhe cannot long ſurvive her parent—Amazement had kept me ſilent, but I now interrupted her by demanding if ſhe was mad, if ſhe was not, why did ſhe call Villeroy the father of Miſs Mordaunt—ſhe replied, that he had in his laſt moments, confeſſed himſelf to be the ſeducer of Lady Frances Henly, and that Miſs Mordaunt was the produce of that connection — Here, Nevil, was the explanation of all that had been myſterious in the conduct of that adored woman, whoſe boſom I had torn by my treachery, whoſe fame I had wounded by my malice, and whoſe heart my unmanly thirſt for revenge had broken, by ſtabbing it through that of her father. One moment ſhewed me the vaſt extent of my guilt, which nothing could

could palliate, and I ſat in ſilent contemplation of the innumerable ills I had been the author of to myſelf and others—Lady Ann miſtaking my ſilence, expreſſed her aſtoniſhment at it, and wondered I did not join to execrate the villain who had been the contriver of this miſchief—I calmly replied, I did, and had been ſtudying what puniſhment ſhould be inflicted on him, but not being able to deviſe any greater than thoſe he now ſuffered, I would leave it to her; whoſe folly had been the prelude to this infamous deed, to ſuggeſt adequate tortures; and to encourage her in the ſearch, I would inform her who the villain was, whom we both curſed with ſuch bitterneſs—Out of breath with aſtoniſhment, ſhe exclaimed, you inform me!—my

follies

follies — what is it you mean? ſpeak, Faulkland; oh! quickly ſpeak, while I have life to hear you — I anſwered, you ſee before you that wretch—your marriage with me, deprived me of hope, and jealouſy of Villeroy filled me with deſpair. My diſtracted brain planned the ſcheme which has deprived him of life; nor did it go further than I deſigned it ſhould, for ſhort of his life would not have ſatisfied my hate—It was my laſt reſource; I had before deſtroyed the peace of Mr. L——; I had blaſted the character of Miſs Mordaunt; I yet panted after another victim; the blood of Villeroy could alone ſatiate my revenge— You are now acquainted from whence thoſe multitude of evils, which have fallen on the injured Caroline, have

ariſen.

ariſen. This head, this hand, this heart contrived, executed and applauded the crimes which have excited your abhorrence; therefore repeat your execrations, in which I ſhall moſt ardently join you, our curſes ſhall be numberleſs and without end, until they have rouſed Heaven to avenge the wrongs of the innocent, by ſinking to perdition the diabolical cauſe of ſo much ſorrow. I ceaſed, when, with ſolemn dignity, ſhe thus addreſſed me, "Faulkland, you have ſhocked my inmoſt ſoul, by the relation of crimes that I have, in ſome meaſure, been the cauſe of your committing them, adds to the agony I feel—I would my unhappy conduct could leſſen the guilt of thine, but with horror I perceive that it admits of neither excuſe or palliation

palliation—Oh! recollect yourſelf; petition that God whoſe vengeance you have dared to invoke, to ſpare you, and to remove from your heart that corruption which has ſeized on its nobleſt faculties—Be ſpeedy and ſincere in your contrition, let not deſpair prevent your graſping the moments that are left you; your offences are great, but ſo is His mercy. I leave you with a heart penetrated by grief; employ my abſence in following the ſalutary advice I have given you, while I implore the Divine aſſiſtance to ſoften your heart, and make you ſenſible of your loſt ſituation. Should my prayers prove effectual, you may perhaps receive comfort in having a companion in your hours of retirement to calm your mind, and aſſiſt you in your ſupplications. Should this

this be the caſe, and you think me worthy to be your friend, I ſhall joyfully relinquiſh the ill-fated diſtinction of wife, and dedicate the remainder of my days to the acceptable office of ſoothing the ſorrows of a penitent chriſtian. Should the reverſe be your choice which Heaven in its mercy forbid, and you continue to ſteel your boſom againſt truth and humanity, I will ſee you no more, but at a diſtance lament the invincible depravity, which has ſhut you out from the joys of this life, and threatens the loſs of your ſoul in the next, and in prayers for your converſion.

She left me, deeply impreſſed with the ſenſe of her worth and the unmerited cruelty with which I had treated her, but

this did not aſſiſt to tranquilize my mind, and the receipt of your letter added to my perturbation. Every line of your well painted deſcription of the cowardly aſſaſſin, which the execution of my project muſt prove me, is engraven on my heart, and hourly reminds me of my loſs of honour — your commendations but increaſe my ſhame, as they ſerve but to ſhew me the greatneſs of my fall.— After examining very maturely my tranſactions during the laſt few months, I am of opinion, that the only additional diſgrace I can bring upon my family, is, by condeſcending to live in a world whoſe reſpect I have forfeited; I have therefore determined to quit it — Start not, my friend, at a reſolution which will releaſe me

me from a burthen I cannot endure—Life has long ceaſed to be a bleſſing, why ſhould I then cheriſh it? Who continues to preſerve or value a foe, after he is ſenſible no time can make him otherwiſe? And what can life have in ſtore for me? my name branded with infamy, my perſon become an object for the finger of ſcorn to point at, my heart bereſt of hope, and torn with love, (for Caroline ſtill lives) my mind aſhamed to look back, nor daring to look forward: Say, my Nevil, what can increaſe of days bring me, but increaſe of wretchedneſs? Should I then live? no—though affection might anſwer, yes; yet reaſon muſt ſay no—nor can religion condemn an act which it had not fortified my mind with ſufficient

ſtrength to reſiſt—Can the Being who gave me life, but did not give with it that ſhare of fortitude which my calamities required to ſupport them, be offended, that I reſign a gift which I cannot enjoy? oh! no—He is merciful and juſt; he knows our capacity, and will not exact more from us than we have power to perform—It is then fixed to die, and this, my friend, is the laſt letter you will ever receive from the ill-deſtined Faulkland. When you read it, let the reflection that he is gone to give in his account at the great Tribunal, where he will be ſentenced according to his crimes, drive from your boſom all reſentment his faults may have excited, let his errors be forgotten, or if remembered, may it be with pity.

Farewell

Farewell my Friend, my deareſt companion, my ſchool-fellow, the partner of my infant joys, and partaker of my moſt early cares! Should the ſorrows which have deſtroyed my youth, ſometimes force a tear to your eye, let it not be checked by the remembrance, that I had, by following the impulſe of paſſion, made myſelf unworthy your eſteem; nor let your affection, which has attended me through life, be alienated by the concluding ſcene of it—Once more farewell! Pray for me to that Deity you have never offended; ſupplicate him to extend his mercy even to me, ruſhing into his preſence uncalled for. Deſpair, and not preſumption, has compelled me to it—Again farewell, a laſt farewell! one painful taſk more, and I ſink into ſilence—yet I

would fain retain a place in your memory —Will Nevil refuſe me this, will he refuſe the laſt, the dying requeſt of his

Unfortunate

FAULKLAND.

MISS MORDAUNT

TO

MISS BEVIL.

RESTORED from the ſhades of death, I once more addreſs my Harriet; but as my woman informs me, ſhe has already made you acquainted with the horrid ſcene which deprived me of ſenſe, I will paſs it over, nor add to the anguiſh of my heart by the repetition—I will proceed, therefore, to inform you of

the circumſtances which followed my return to life, and my preſent ſituation: The phyſician who attended me, being deſired to acquaint Lady Belvidere, (no longer my patroneſs) the moment I might with ſafety be removed from her houſe, ſome days ſince obeyed his inſtructions, and a very ſhort time after I received the following lines from her Ladyſhip.

MADAM,

Having been this day aſſured by your phyſician, that you may be with ſafety removed, I think proper to inform you that you muſt quit this houſe, as I can no longer permit it to be the aſſylum of an impoſtor, nor give my protection to the offſpring of ſhame, to the curſe of my family,

family, to the daughter of the infamous Lady Frances. I ſhall forbear to reproach you with your baſeneſs, deſpairing to penetrate a heart which muſt have been callous to every feeling of honour, truth, and humanity, before you could have meanly ſtole into the friendſhip and ſhared the fortune of one, from whoſe ſight you ſhould have hid yourſelf for ever.—Encloſed, is a bill for five hundred pounds; you will do well to ſhare it with the ungrateful old man, who, not ſatisfied with having diſgraced me, by his own alliance, completes the inſult by impoſing on my credulity a tale of falſhoods, thereby placing in my boſom a ſerpent, who has rewarded my ill placed affection, by ſtinging the heart that gave it ſhelter; but he is within my power,

er, and ſhall feel it.—It is ſcarcely neceſſary to ſay, your inſtant departure will gratify me; as I cannot know peace till I have rid myſelf of an unprincipled hypocrite, whom I have loved with all the fond extravagance of a doating parent, but whom I will drive from my heart as I do from my houſe, without compaſſion or regret.

BELVIDERE.

You, my friend, who know my reverential affection for the writer, will eaſily conceive what my feelings muſt have been on reading this; I will not call it cruel letter: for has ſhe not much to complain of, even were ſhe acquainted with the train of accidents which threw me into her protection? but ignorant as ſhe

ſhe is, of every circumſtance, except who I am, muſt ſhe not regard me as a monſter whoſe baſeneſs can be only equalled by my temerity? Muſt not my conduct wear the appearance of the moſt daring fraud, and can I be offended at being termed a hypocrite and impoſtor? She ſays ſhe will forbear to reproach me; indeed Harriet, it is not neceſſary ſhe ſhould, for my own heart faithfully performs that office.—When I had recovered tolerably from the ſhock which this letter gave me, I wrote to her Ladyſhip to inform her that her commands ſhould be obeyed; and to expreſs my gratitude for the numberleſs obligations I had received from her, I preſumed not to palliate my own offences, but aſſerted the innocence of my venerable benefactor in regard to

his having any knowledge of my birth, and ſolicited forgiveneſs for the duplicity his fondneſs for me had led him to practice—My attempts in his favour were vain, for on offering it to the woman who was her Ladyſhip's meſſenger, ſhe told me ſhe had been forbid to receive any anſwer whatever, but moved by my diſtreſs, ſhe at laſt conſented, and left me —Her return was immediate; when, with tears, ſhe informed me that her miſtreſs had refuſed to receive my letter, and added, another attempt ſhould exclude her from the power of ever again diſobeying her commands. I now made the quickeſt preparations to quit a place where I was ſo obnoxious, and my maid having returned with the intelligence that ſhe had procured me a lodging, I depart-

ed

ed with all my little effects, except only the jewels which her Ladyſhip's unbounded generoſity had laviſhed upon me, and to which I thought I poſſeſſed no right, thoſe I left with my woman to be delivered after I was gone—On her preſenting them, they were refuſed with theſe words: "Tell her you ſerve, that Lady Belvidere never retracts from what ſhe has once done"—Generous, noble woman, who can be thus liberal to the creature you both deſpiſe and hate! May your future days glide on in ſweet tranquility! May the thoughts of Caroline, her misfortunes or her faults never interrupt your peace, but, may you, when weary of old age, gently reſign your life for everlaſting bliſs! We ſhall meet no more here, but we ſhall meet

meet in the manſions of the juſt, the film will be then removed from her eyes, ſhe will ſee me as I am, our hearts will be again united, and ſhe will acquit me of intentional guilt—Forgive me my friend, my thus digreſſing from my ſtory, it was a tribute due to the benefactreſs I have loſt, and I could not proceed till I had paid it. I am now ſettled in my neat, but humble dwelling, where my firſt act has been, after returning thanks to my Maker for the comforts he has in his great goodneſs thought proper to leave me to write to my earlieſt friend, encloſing him the five hundred pounds, her Lady-ſhip's laſt donation, and giving him a circumſtantial account of all that has befallen me; this duty performed, I have dedicated my ſucceeding moments to my

Harriet,

Harriet, and truſt what I have written will aſſuage, rather than increaſe the grief ſhe feels for the calamities of her friend, who is indeed removed from wealth and grandeur, but ſtill poſſeſſes the means of life—Yes my friend, I am rich, beſides a conſiderable ſum of money which remains to me from the profuſe allowance given me by my honoured protectreſs; I have jewels and other ſuperfluities, which, when diſpoſed of, will furniſh ſufficient to protect your Caroline and the inſtructer of her youth from want. For myſelf, a little, a very little will ſerve; in my happieſt moments, I never courted riches, they would now be uſeleſs to me—Are you not ſurprized, my friend, at my being able to direct my thoughts to thoſe worldly matters?

ters? The ruin I have brought upon my aged benefactor, has made it unavoidable; ſhould not I, who have deprived his helpleſs years of a competence, ſtrain every nerve to enable him to live? Could I endure exiſtence, knowing that he pined in poverty whoſe happineſs was the deareſt wiſh of my heart? oh! no; my venerable preceptor, my more than father. Alas! Harriet, that name has baniſhed all my ſerenity, I have no father; the elegant, the gentle, the unhappy Villeroy no longer bleſſes your forlorn Caroline—He and his ſorrows are beyond the reach of malice, it may ſtill injure his fame, but cannot wound his boſom—His life was ſtamped by misfortune, his death by the wonderful interference of Providence: yet, I will hope that he is

now

now reaping the reward of his patient ſufferings reſulting from, a ſincere contrition for his errors; and, oh! my friend, forgive me, if I add that I eagerly look forward to the time when I ſhall witneſs and partake of his felicity.

Adieu thou beloved partner of

My afflicted heart!

C. MORDAUNT.

P. S. I requeſt my friend will no longer conceal from her family the ſtory of Lady Frances, or the ſorrows of her daughter; they alike ceaſe to be ſecrets, all whom the divulging of them would have affected, are, either beyond the reach of

of misery, or have already suffered whatever pains the discovery could inflict.—I shall now forward the papers bequeathed me, by my departing mother to the noble minded Lord Henly, who is again driven from his country. I do this from the certainty that they will render the memory of that unfortunate, less irksome to him: I have likewise obtruded the events of my short, but disastrous life, upon his notice, my wish being to gain, as far as may be, his good opinion.

NANETTE

TO

MISS BEVIL.

AH! my honoured madam, your dear young lady, my beloved miſtreſs, has met with a new misfortune, which ſits heavier on her heart than all the preceding ones — mine is almoſt broken too; I wiſh I had never known her, for I much fear I ſhall loſe her, and then I ſhall never be happy again; but how

I am

I am talking about myſelf, while you are wanting to know what has befallen my poor lady — The day after ſhe had ſent off her laſt letter to you, ſhe employed herſelf in writing a great deal to Lord Henly, which ſhe gave me to put into the poſt-office; on my return, I found her much fatigued with what ſhe had done— ſhe ſaid ſhe felt weary, and would try to ſleep a little on the ſofa — This delighted me, for I knew ſhe had not ſlept for a long time—ſo I ſat down by her, and ſhe leaned her head upon my boſom — Her lovely face looked ſo pale, it made me cry, and one of my fooliſh tears falling on her cheek diſturbed her — She gently chid me for fretting, but ſhe was interrupted by the ſudden entrance of a gentleman, who looked ſo wild and

ſtrange,

ſtrange, that he affrighted me; I was going to aſk his buſineſs, when my miſtreſs gave a faint cry, and ſaid, it is Faulkland—It was him ſure enough, but ſo altered I wonder ſhe could know him —his face was pale and thin, his fine hair quite undreſſed and hanging about his ſhoulders.—My lady attempted to riſe, I believe with intent to get away, for ſhe looked towards the door—He darted forward, and falling at her feet, claſped her knees (looking ſteadfaſtly in her face) but did not ſpeak, till Miſs Mordaunt, who trembled very much, ſeveral times conjured him to leave her; at laſt, in a mournful voice, I never ſhall forget it madam, he ſaid, Caroline, I am come to confeſs my crimes and die; will you forgive me, will you ſeal my pardon?

don? my lady replied, yes, I forgive you all—He anſwered, you know not what you ſay, you know not half my offences —I prevented your marriage with Mr. L——; it was I that traduced your ſpotleſs fame.—Theſe too I can pardon, ſaid Miſs Mordaunt—Mr. Faulkland continued, this is not all, I armed the hand of Lord Henly againſt the life of Colonel Villeroy, can you forgive this? My poor lady looked at him with horror, and ſtruggling to releaſe herſelf, called to me to aſſiſt her to make her eſcape from that monſter—I tried, but in vain; he ſtill held her faſt, hiding his face on her knees, till of a ſudden he fell back on the floor in convulſions, which diſtorted his whole frame—We were terribly alarmed—The people of the houſe came to our aſſiſtance

and

and we gave him ſome drops which calmed him. —Finding us buſied about him, he told us our care was uſeleſs, as he had ſwallowed poiſon. At thoſe terrible words, my unhappy lady fell ſenſeleſs in my arms—A phyſician I had ſent for, moſt fortunately arrived; by his endeavours ſhe was recovered; as ſoon as ſhe could ſpeak, ſhe entreated him to ſave that unhappy man. He now examined Mr. Faulkland, but pronounced him beyond the reach of human art, as he had but a few moments to live. My lady aroſe, and taking a hand of the dying gentleman, repeated the doctor's opinion, conjuring him to ſeize the opportunity of humbling himſelf before God, and imploring his mercy; but finding he was inſenſible,

inſenſible, ſhe ſunk upon her knees, and raiſing her hands and eyes to heaven, with a fervency I never before witneſſed, ſhe begged the Almighty to look down with compaſſion on his erring ſervant, to pardon the tranſgreſſions of his life, and ſend into his benighted ſoul, one ray of comfort to chear him in that moment of deſpair.—Oh! madam, had you ſeen her, you never would have forgot it, ſhe looked like a bleſſed angel ſent to ſpeak peace to a departing ſoul.—Mr. Faulkland remained quiet for ſome time; at laſt his convulſions returned, and after a violent ſtruggle, he articulated my lady's name, in a low voice, and added, let this expiate my crimes. He continued to breathe a moment longer, then expired—My miſ-

treſs

treſs remained by him until he was dead, when ſhe allowed me to lead her to another apartment—The phyſician kindly undertook the melancholy taſk of acquainting Mr. Faulkland's father with this unhappy news, who removed the body as ſoon as it was dark.—My dear afflicted lady has not ſpoke or taken any kind of refreſhment or reſt ſince this dreadful ſcene—The tears ſhe ſheds, are the only proofs ſhe gives of being alive—It kills me to behold her in this ſtate, yet the world ſhould not bribe me to leave her for a moment—O! dear madam, could you come to her, you might do much; if any thing can ſave her, it is your preſence.

I beg you, madam, to excuſe this boldneſs, and this long letter, and to permit me to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your dutiful,

And humble Servant,

NANETTE.

MISS BEVIL

TO

MISS SOPHIA BEVIL.

KNOWING how anxious my dear Sophia will be to learn the ſituation of the lovely ſuffering Caroline, I take the earlieſt opportunity of informing her that ſhe ſtill lives. How long it will be before the faint ſpark of life, whoſe glimmering can now ſcarcely be diſcerned, will be finally extinguiſhed, I dare not

conjecture, leſt the reſult ſhould diſable me from performing thoſe melancholy offices my cruel deſtiny has impoſed on me.—From the time I parted with you, I reſted not a moment until I was within two miles of the reſidence of my afflicted friend. The fear of ſurprizing her by my unexpected arrival, ſubdued my exceſſive impatience to ſee her: I ſtopped at an inn, and from thence diſpatched a meſſenger with a note to Nanette, telling her where I was, and that in a few hours I ſhould follow, which I begged ſhe would make known to her miſtreſs in the moſt cautious manner—Accordingly I reached the houſe towards the evening, and found the faithful girl awaiting me; ſhe acquainted me, ſhe had received my note in the preſence of her lady, who was

recovered

recovered from the ſtupified ſtate ſhe had been in, and that unable to contain her joy, ſhe had diſcloſed its contents too unguardedly, which had cauſed her miſtreſs to faint, who had ſcarcely recovered, when ſhe fervently bleſſed and invoked Heaven to join with her in bleſſing her deareſt Harriet, for this final proof of her unalterable love—Then riſing, ſhe had walked to a looking glaſs, and after ſurveying herſelf, ſaid, "Nanette, I look ſadly, I ſhall frighten my poor friend; you muſt improve my dreſs," which was inſtantly done. Never, ſaid Nanette, did I find her ſo difficult to pleaſe, or ſo deſirous of looking well.—This being completed, ſhe called for drops, and aſked how long it was likely to be before ſhe ſhould ſee me—on being told it would

conjecture, leſt the reſult ſhould diſable me from performing thoſe melancholy offices my cruel deſtiny has impoſed on me.—From the time I parted with you, I reſted not a moment until I was within two miles of the reſidence of my afflicted friend. The fear of ſurprizing her by my unexpected arrival, ſubdued my exceſſive impatience to ſee her: I ſtopped at an inn, and from thence diſpatched a meſſenger with a note to Nanette, telling her where I was, and that in a few hours I ſhould follow, which I begged ſhe would make known to her miſtreſs in the moſt cautious manner—Accordingly I reached the houſe towards the evening, and found the faithful girl awaiting me; ſhe acquainted me, ſhe had received my note in the preſence of her lady, who was

recovered

recovered from the ſtupified ſtate ſhe had been in, and that unable to contain her joy, ſhe had diſcloſed its contents too unguardedly, which had cauſed her miſtreſs to faint, who had ſcarcely recovered, when ſhe fervently bleſſed and invoked Heaven to join with her in bleſſing her deareſt Harriet, for this final proof of her unalterable love—Then riſing, ſhe had walked to a looking glaſs, and after ſurveying herſelf, ſaid, "Nanette, I look ſadly, I ſhall frighten my poor friend; you muſt improve my dreſs," which was inſtantly done. Never, ſaid Nanette, did I find her ſo difficult to pleaſe, or ſo deſirous of looking well.—This being completed, ſhe called for drops, and aſked how long it was likely to be before ſhe ſhould ſee me—on being told it would

probably be ſome time; then I will endeavour to ſleep till that time, ſhe replied—for this purpoſe ſhe had been left alone.—Dear conſiderate angel! to be thus anxious for the peace of her Harriet, and for that of every individual around her—She troubles not any one with her complaints; ſhe is not oſtentatious of her grief—it is ſilent, therefore deep—And, muſt I loſe her? muſt I loſe the intereſting companion of my youthful days? Oh! yes Sophia, ſhe muſt die, this lovely form muſt join its kindred clay—her heart is broke, her days are numbered, death ſtands ready to ſeize his willing victim, and your ſiſter muſt be a witneſs of the awful ſcene:—From whence ſhall I derive fortitude to ſupport me through it? but why do I anticipate diſtreſs;

diſtreſs; Surely, "ſuffient to the day, is the evil thereof."

Nanette left me, to ſee in what ſtate her miſtreſs was; ſhe found her awake and impatient at my delay, when ſhe thought it beſt to inform her that my carriage was in ſight; at which intelligence ſhe was much agitated. I now approached; I had been forewarned of the great alteration in her perſon; yet I was ſo ſhocked at beholding her death-like form, that I ſtarted back as ſhe advanced towards me, and throwing myſelf into a chair, gave vent to the keen anguiſh of my heart, by a flood of tears.—Thus relieved, I preſſed her to my breaſt, and conjured her to live for her Harriet, who would never be ſeperated from her more. She

turned the ſubject, and we paſſed the remainder of the evening in recalling to our memories the beginning of our youthful friendſhip, the recollection of which, animated her ſtill lovely countenance, and elevated her ſpirits to a degree that filled me with hopes of ſeeing her reſtored to health, peace, and happineſs. I ventured to communicate thoſe pleaſing ideas to her, when, preſſing my hand to her boſom, ſhe ſaid, "It grieves me, my ſweet friend, to deſtroy hopes which I know would make you happy, and I would let you enjoy them for the preſent, were I not aſſured it is for your good to be prepared for what muſt happen — We muſt part Harriet—the decree is paſt, and I ſhall ſhortly bid adieu to my friend— Nearly all the ties that bound me to this world

world are broken—Calamities, unceaſing calamities have rendered my heart callous to all earthly joys; I pant to rejoin thoſe dear parents who were taken from me that they might be rewarded for the penetence and ſufferings they had known here—Oh! might I indulge the hope of ſeeing, in thoſe bleſſed regions, the poor ſelf-murdered Faulkland, who, forgetful of his God, has dared to raiſe his hand againſt himſelf; cheared by ſuch a hope, I could ſtill brave the evils of this world—my heart could forget its other ſorrows; but, torn with doubts and terrors, as it is for his everlaſting fate, I impatiently look forward to the moment that muſt ſatisfy them."—Obſerving my emotion, ſhe ſaid, let us talk of other ſubjects, this diſtreſſes you too much—Nanette entered the

room, and obſerved to me, that her lady might be hurt, by ſitting up ſo late. I chid myſelf for the want of thought, and retired to bed, where, notwithſtanding my great fatigue, I courted ſleep in vain—"He, like the world, his ready viſit pays, where fortune ſmiles, the wretched he forſakes; ſwift on his downy pinions flies from woe, and lights on lids unſullied by a tear."—Unable to repoſe, I roſe with the day, and went to my Caroline's room—Nanette informed me her lady had paſſed a reſtleſs night, but was now fallen into a ſlumber; I placed myſelf at her bedſide; her ſleep was broken and unquiet; ſeveral times ſhe repeated the name of Faulkland, with ſighs that ſeemed to rend her heart. Obſerving

ing her to move, I retired to conceal from her the diſtreſs ſhe had occaſioned —She ſoon after joined me; my ſwelled eyes caught her attention; ſhe was thoughtful; I enquired the cauſe, when looking pitiouſly in my face, ſhe replied, Harriet, I was thinking how very unhappy a creature I am, I make every body I love, miſerable — my own diſtreſſes I can bear, theirs I cannot; they wound my ſoul.—Hurt at the pain I had given her, I entreated her pardon, and promiſed to be more tranquil—We have paſſed the day in mutual endeavours to avoid every thing which could renew our griefs; we are now ſeperated for the night — Angels watch around her couch, and ſeal her eyes in gentle ſleep; wipe

from her memory all traces of the paſt, let hope and fortitude ſupply their place —My Sophia will join in this petition with the afflicted

HARRIET BEVIL.

MISS

MISS BEVIL.

TO

MISS SOPHIA BEVIL.

EVERY hour encreaſes my diſtreſs,—Ah my Sophia death approaches with haſty ſtrides to my ſinking friend; ſhe will ſoon be claſped in his cold embrace, I tremble at the thought, my affrighted ſoul dies within me, as I anticipate the awful moment; yet I muſt meet it terrible as it will be.—On my going into her

her room yeſterday morning, ſhe told me ſhe felt herſelf diſpoſed to be indolent, and that ſhe would continue in bed, ſhe ſpoke this with a ſmile that wrung my heart, for Nanette had informed me of her having made ſeveral attempts to riſe, which ſhe had not been able to accompliſh, from her extreme weakneſs.—After a little time had paſſed, ſhe ſaid "Harriet, I am going to employ you on an errand, will you undertake it?" I replied, I would undertake any thing ſhe deſired—She thanked me, and proceeded: "The forgiveneſs of my benefactreſs would be a cordial to my heart; will my friend conſent to ſolicit it in perſon? I eagerly anſwered, yes, and that I would inſtantly ſet about it, adding, that I did not doubt of my ſucceſs—I accordingly drove to the houſe

houſe of Lady Belvidere—on the ſervant's aſking my name, I ſaid her ladyſhip was a ſtranger to it, and deſired him to ſay it was a lady.—By this title I was introduced, and was received with great politeneſs—as ſoon as I was ſeated, I informed her my name was Bevil—ſhe ſtarted—I continued, the friend of Miſs Mordaunt, whoſe anxiety to be reſtored to your good opinion, has induced me to intrude myſelf on your preſence, that I may, by revealing circumſtances which are at preſent unknown to you, remove from your mind that reſentment which you now entertain, and the knowledge of which embitters her life. It was with difficulty I was heard ſo far; ſhe interrupted me, ſaying, "you do well, madam, to term this viſit an intruſion; for

for in that light I muſt view every attempt that Miſs Mordaunt may make to impoſe on my credulity: you will pardon me if I add, the buſineſs you are engaged in, ill ſuits with your appearance, which gives a promiſe that you ſhould be ſuperior to the meanneſs of aſſiſting the deſigns of an unprincipled impoſtor." —I was going to make a reply, but ſhe prevented me, by proceeding, "I ſee you are offended madam, at the imputation of meanneſs; but permit me to aſk what other conſtruction your conduct will admit of? have you not, by concealing your name, forced yourſelf into my preſence? does not this argue a conſciouſneſs of your cauſe being a bad one? yes, it ſurely does, and had I before doubted, this would have convinced me; therefore,

fore, any thing you would ſay, would only be giving me uſeleſs vexation, and yourſelf unprofitable trouble."—My determination, in regard to Miſs Mordaunt, is fixed and unalterable; my heart and my doors are for ever ſhut againſt her—"I replied, your ladyſhip's opinion of myſelf, as it can no ways affect me, I ſhall not attempt to alter; but unhappily this is not the caſe with my unfortunate friend, whoſe affection for your perſon, and gratitude for your favours, will not allow her to taſte repoſe, while at variance with you."—Conſcious that appearances are againſt her, ſhe condemns not your ſeverity, but ſeeks, by proving her innocence, to appeaſe your reſentment—She does this, not with any view of again becoming an object of your bounty,

bounty, ſhe is ſuperiour to ſuch littleneſs, were there neceſſity for her to practice it, but there is no ſuch neceſſity, as Heaven has bleſt me with the power and the will to render her independant of any other than myſelf—Her anſwer was, that ſhe congratulated Miſs Mordaunt, if ſhe ſtill bore that name, on having found ſuch a friend, and ſhe hoped that friend would not have ſimilar cauſe with her to repine at the unlucky fortune that had made them known to each other—She aroſe from her ſeat, as a civil intimation it was time for me to withdraw—I likewiſe roſe, and was retiring with indignation, when the recollection of my ſweet Caroline's anxiety, determined me to make one effort more; turning again to her, I ſaid, Lady Belvidere, the repugnance

nance I feel at returning to Miſs Mordaunt, thus unſucceſsful in a point where her happineſs is at ſtake, muſt plead my excuſe for perſevering in my ſolicitation —Let me conjure you to liſten while I relate truths which will fill your heart with pity for her unmerited ſufferings, and remorſe that you have added to their bitterneſs:— She is now in a ſtate that claims your forgiveneſs, were ſhe even more guilty than you think her; could you behold her, madam, could you for a moment view the grief-worn form of that expiring ſaint, your heart, like mine, would be rent with anguiſh—Then in pity to her, do not refuſe this her laſt requeſt, for indeed it is the laſt ſhe can ever make you; oh! let me tell her— ſhe impatiently interrupted me: "Miſs Bevil,

Bevil, I will hear no more; why do you recall to my mind that ungrateful girl; I have told you, and repeat it; I will never forgive her, or the partner in her fraud; he too ſhall feel my reſentment—let me entreat you, madam, to leave me, you have harrowed up my heart." —I obeyed, ſaying, as I left her, what you at preſent feel is trifling to the anguiſh you will ſhortly indure; ſo with a melancholy heart I returned home—The mortification, viſible in my countenance, ſoon indicated to my friend the bad ſucceſs I met with in my errand—She lamented, but excuſed the unforgiving temper of her ſtill beloved benefactreſs, while, I execrated the cruelty and hardneſs of heart, which had rendered her inſenſible

to

to my entreaties—My Caroline desires to see me, I shall therefore conclude here, and write again to-morrow.

Till then adieu!

HARRIET BEVIL.

MISS BEVIL

TO

MISS SOPHIA BEVIL.

THAT Tygreſs, Lady Belvidere, is deprived of at leaſt part of her revenge, the good, the benevolent Doctor Smith is no more; a letter containing this intelligence, reached my friend this morning; ſhe deſired I would read it—The contents made me heſitate; I feared what effect they might have on her—Proceed

Harriet,

Harriet, ſaid ſhe, nor think ſo meanly of your Caroline's fortitude; has ſhe not ſupported the laſt agonies of the ſelf-murdered Faulkland? and do you yet doubt her ſtrength? — I gave her the letter; her countenance brightened as ſhe read — dropping the paper, ſhe claſped her hands, and looking up, fervently ſaid, My God! I thank thee; then turning to me, Rejoice with me my Harriet, the venerable ſaint has eſcaped perſecution, and without the knowledge of events which would have diſturbed his laſt moments, having reached him. — Here, my friend, is another link broken, of that chain which bound me to this life; the thought of leaving my beloved benefactor in his helpleſs age, overwhelmed with ſorrow and depreſſed by poverty, has

hung

hung upon my heart — how grateful ought I to be to that Being who has relieved my mind from ſo heavy a burden —I muſt break off—Nanette informs me, a ſtranger deſires to ſpeak with me; I am at a loſs who it can be, but ſhall acquaint you on my return.

(In continuation.)

On my going down to the ſtranger, who waited, he apologized for the liberty he had taken in deſiring to be admitted to my preſence, an honour he had long wiſhed to enjoy; for though unacquainted with my perſon, he was not ſo with my worth, the greatneſs of which Miſs Mordaunt frequently had bore witneſs of— I anſwered, I was proud of the praiſes of my

my friend, and begged to be favoured with the name of the gentleman who had, in ſo flattering a manner, conveyed them to me—He replied with emotion, that he was fearful the knowledge of it would make his praiſes, and even his wiſhes to be uſeful to Miſs Mordaunt ſuſpected; as he was the ſon of Sir Robert L——, the wrong he had done my Caroline, darted to my mind; I almoſt turned from him with contempt—He ſaid, though it was with ſorrow he perceived the reſentment his name had inſpired, yet he was compelled to approve of it; and ſo ſenſible was he of the injury he had done Miſs Mordaunt and me, through her, that he would never have preſumed to requeſt that interview, had he not thought its intention would contribute to the happineſs

pineſs of my friend. So ſaying, he put into my hand a paper, adding, all my importunities were not ſufficient to obtain it till this morning, or it ſhould ſooner have been in your poſſeſſion.—I have now to requeſt that you will aſſure your lovely friend that I take no merit from the action, but look upon it as a ſmall part of that atonement which is her due for the wrongs ſhe has ſuſtained from me and my family—I opened the paper, it was a pardon from the King to Lord Henly—all my reſentment vaniſhed at its ſight—I called to Mr. L—— who was retiring; ſtop Sir! return, I entreat you, and accept the thanks of a heart overflowing with gratitude for this noble action, which, though alas, it cannot contribute to the happineſs of my Caroline's life, will yet chear

chear her in death.—He haſtily aſked, "What does Miſs Bevil mean? I anſwered, that the blows of adverſity had broken the heart of my friend, by knocking too rudely at it; that unable any longer to reſiſt calamity, ſhe now yields to its too powerful preſſure, and that a few, a very days will give her an uncomplaining and reſigned victim to the tomb"—He was mute for a moment, then ſolemnly pronounced, Heaven avert that hour! or in mercy deprive me of the power of feeling it! Then approaching nearer to me, he took my hand, ſaying, "Miſs Bevil, you know not the anguiſh you have planted in this boſom, if Miſs Mordaunt dies"—He could not proceed; tears ran down his cheeks; he ſeemed aſhamed of them, and precipitately re-

tired.—I repaired to my Caroline's room, eager to communicate what I knew would give her pleaſure—She received it with that gratitude ſhe always feels for every favour that is diſpenſed to her, and has paſſed the day in a ſerenity of mind bordering on chearfulneſs—The exertions ſhe made, has fatigued her; on which account I have retired early.—Nanette this inſtant informs me her lady is in a ſweet ſleep—May Heaven prolong it, and make it the means of lengthening the days of one, ſo eminently entitled to the peculiar protection of Providence!—Good night, my Sophia—the reſt, enjoyed by the object of my cares, promiſes repoſe to me; I will not, therefore, loſe the opportunity; yet I cannot conclude without obſerving to my dear

ſiſter,

ſiſter, how great the power of hope is over the human mind; it can baniſh diſcontent, extinguiſh grief, and even ſuſpend the ſenſation of pain; it is the univerſal comforter, and at this moment beams on the boſom of your Harriet with celeſtial radiance; it almoſt gives aſſurance of rekindling the nearly exhauſted lamp of her Caroline's life—join your prayers that it prove not fallacious—

Again good night,

H. Bevil.

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

HOPE, thou haſt told me lies, and never more will I admit you to my boſom: —Cheated by thy promiſes, and deluded by thy falſe lights, I ſlept in peace and dreamed of ſucceeding happy days; with the dream thou vaniſhed, nor ſhall you again ſooth me by your flatteries, but as you are buried in the coffin of

of my Caroline, I will henceforth live a ſtranger to thee—Ah! my Sophia all is now over, ſhe is gone, the friend of my youth is dead—but a few hours are paſt ſince the hand that now guides this pen, performed the laſt office of humanity, and cloſed the eyes of the moſt lovely and beſt of Nature's works—I can add no more.

Farewell!

H. Bevil.

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

FOUR days have elapſed ſince I acquainted you with my irretrievable loſs—I was incapable at that time to give you the particulars, I ſhall now endeavour to recount, as near as poſſible, all that paſſed on that awful occaſion: What fell from the mouth of the expiring angel, I ſhall be able to relate with preciſion, for it

it is deeply engraven on the tablets of my memory; but no words can paint the manner in which they were expreſſed, or the effect they had on the oppreſſed heart of your ſiſter.

I informed you of the tranquil ſtate in which I retired to reſt; that tranquility was as fleeting as the dreams of happineſs it inſpired—At four o'clock I was awakened by the nurſe, who acquainted me that Miſs Mordaunt deſired to ſee me. Trembling with fear, I enquired if ſhe were worſe, and was anſwered in the negative, on the contrary that her ſleep had been uninterrupted, and the pain in her breaſt much abated.—Recovered by this intelligence, I haſtened to her; ſhe ſpoke chearfully, but more inwardly and

faint than uſual. On obſerving her face, I found it much altered; alarmed by theſe unfavourable appearances, I enquired, in a faultering accent, what I could do—ſhe deſired me to ſit down and compoſe myſelf, and was ſilent for ſome moments; then taking my hand, and preſſing it between both hers, ſhe ſaid, Harriet, my days have been few and full of ſorrow; will you then, my beloved friend, grieve that they are advancing faſt to their cloſe? will you not rather rejoice that I am quitting a world where my happieſt moments have been embittered by painful recollection, or the dread of diſcovery; a world which poſſeſſes nothing but your ſociety that I could enjoy?—My heart is incapable of earthly happineſs; dejected by evils that overpower its ability to bear them,

them, it can no longer rely on itſelf, but fixes its ſole dependence on that Being who inſtructed it to beat, and who alone can and will heal its wounds — Yes! my Harriet! I feel that I ſhall be happy, my mind is diveſted of its load, futurity has no terrors, I have made my peace with God, and am going to receive the reward of all my ſufferings. Be comforted then, let not my loſs affect you, our ſeparation will not be for ever, we ſhall meet again; oh! my friend, were I but aſſured we ſhould there find the poor forlorn Faulkland, reſtored to the confidence of his juſtly offended Maker, my ſoul would have nothing further to aſk of Heaven — She pauſed; I was unable to ſpeak; ſhe proceeded to give directions in what manner ſhe ſhould

be buried, and the uſe that ſhould be made of her effects, all of which, except her jewels, ſhe bequeathed to her faithful Nanette; thoſe ſhe gave to my care with a requeſt, that I would employ them, if neceſſity required, to relieve the wants of the generous Sabina.—After inſtructing me how I ſhould diſpoſe of her papers, ſhe ſaid, "My worldly matters are now ſettled, and I have only to take leave of my dear companion, and give her my dying thanks for her unceaſing kindneſs to me in my hour of misfortune; may bleſſings without number be her reward, and may ſhe, after a long life of tranquil felicity, join me in the manſions of everlaſting peace!—Should Lady Belvidere regret that ſhe had refuſed me the forgiveneſs I ſued for, do not add yours to the reproaches of her own heart, but tell her,

her, my laſt breath was ſpent in prayers for her happineſs—She faintly preſſed my hand and was ſilent—I liſtened with breathleſs expectation that I ſhould again hear the beloved ſound of her voice, but it had ceaſed for ever—Ah, my Sophia, what a moment was this! all my fortitude forſook me, I accuſed Heaven of injuſtice, and demanded why it had ſhot its bolts againſt the feeble breaſt of my guiltleſs friend, while it ſuffered the hardened offender to proceed in guilt, unchaſtized by pain, penury, or misfortune—I queſtioned the decrees of Providence, and arraigned the mercy of the Moſt High, till ſpent with anguiſh, I fell ſenſeleſs on the clay-cold boſom of her whoſe loſs had driven me to deſpair—Returning life brought with it reſtored reaſon, and I reflected, how unlike my conduct

conduct was to what hers would have been in the ſame ſituation — I ſaw how greatly her gentle ſpirit (if it were yet ſenſible to what paſſed here) would diſapprove of my uſeleſs ſorrow; I checked the unacceptable tribute, and have ſince endeavoured, by moderating my grief, to make it more pleaſing to the ſhade of her for whom it flows, and for whom it will for ever flow, till the ſource which ſupplies it ſhall be no more.

I was yeſterday waited on by a gentleman who is the friend of Lord Henly; he gave to me a letter to peruſe which he had received from his Lordſhip, written ſome time paſt, but which, his having been out of town, prevented his getting till now—its contents were as follow.

LORD

LORD HENLY

TO THE

REV. MR. NORFORD.

My dear Sir,

MY haſty retreat from England prevented my performing an act of humanity which I muſt now intruſt to your care—For this I ſhall not make any apology, as I know you well enough to believe, you will rather give me thanks for the employment, than expect them from me.—My ſiſter Lady Belvidere is poſſeſſed of many and great virtues, in the exerciſing of which it is impoſſible to weary her, unleſs

unleſs ſhe ſuppoſes ſhe has been deceived or made the dupe of artifice — This idea once admitted, every avenue to her heart is inſtantly cloſed up, and ſo guarded by pride and reſentment, that no ſubmiſſion, however humble, or penitence, however ſevere, can obtain her forgiveneſs. This knowledge of the failings of her temper, has raiſed my fears for the fate of the unfortunate young lady, whoſe father was the untimely victim of my miſtake. — As I cannot but ſuppoſe myſelf, in ſome meaſure, the cauſe of her having forfeited the protection of her benefactreſs, I think it incumbent on me, at leaſt to ſoften and alleviate its neceſſary conſequences. To this end, I deſire you will call on my banker for two hundred pounds, and be yourſelf the bearer

bearer of it to Miſs Mordaunt—you will have the goodneſs to tranſact this with your earlieſt convenience, as her neceſſities may be preſſing—you will alſo take the trouble to inform her, and ſee it fulfilled, that ſhe will receive four hundred pounds a year, to be paid quarterly. If you can deviſe any way to conceal from her, whence the donation comes, I beg you may adopt it; for I think her heart to be poſſeſſed of ſenſibility that will render it irkſome to her to receive ſupport from the man who was the murderer of her father—I ſhould think a hint might be dropped that this ſtipend is a concealed mark of regard paid by Lady Suſan Villeroy to the daughter of her deceaſed huſband; but this I leave to be decided by your own judgement, convinced, that however

however you may determine in regard to the young lady, you will ſee the neceſſity of hiding this action from the reſt of the world, as the knowledge of it would expoſe me to the contempt of far the greater part of it; a contempt I am not able to brave, though my heart tells me I have done what is right. Had this unfortunate, whom I have made a deſtitute orphan, been the child of any other than my wife, no atonement I could have made her, would have been deemed ſufficient by that world whoſe ridicule I now dread—yet, why this ſhould render her leſs the object of my compaſſion, or rather of my juſtice, I cannot divine—Is it becauſe her mother was once dear to me, that I am to abandon the daughter to the ruin I have brought upon her? this

may

may be worldly policy, and ſuit a heart ſwelling with revenge; but mine is not ſuch, the crime of Lady Frances has long ſince been forgiven; Villeroy is dead, and I war not with the duſt, ſhould I then puniſh their innocent offspring? no, my valued friend, I am not capable of ſuch injuſtice; I ſhould have thought my life well ſpent in ſoftening the penitence of the mother, and I ſhall now deem it not thrown away if I can mitigate the ſorrows of the daughter.—If in your acquaintance with Miſs Mordaunt you can learn by what ſtrange accident ſhe was thrown into the protection of Lady Belvidere, I ſhall thank you to relate it to me, for I am convinced, in ſpight of appearances, it was not a premeditated impoſition, and that, the paſſing for what

ſhe

ſhe was not, muſt have given exquiſite pain to a heart whoſe every throb is dictated by the moſt delicate ſenſibility.

'Adieu my friend! I need not requeſt you to inform me that you have complied with my deſire, becauſe I already know your anxiety to give pleaſure to your ſincere and

Affectionate

HENLY.

What think you of this my Sophia; another ſuch inſtance would reconcile me to human nature, but ſuch another cannot be produced, he ſtands alone in virtue, and alas! he ſtands alſo alone in miſery

miſery—Is he not eminently wretched? has not his life been paſt in tribulation? whither will this thought lead me; ſhall I not again tax Heaven with cruelty? Father of mercies, pity the creature thou haſt made, convince her of thy unerring wiſdom, drive from her mind thoſe doubts which perplex her weak ſenſe, and reconcile her to thy decrees—Generous, noble Lord Henly! he is, ere this, acquainted with the innocence of my Caroline, and his benevolent heart will rejoice in the knowledge of it—How unlike his conduct has been that of his ſiſter, whom no entreaties could ſoften—I have written to her this day, an account of my friend's death; I have likewiſe ſent her the ſtory of her life, and that of her loſt mother, along with a letter

letter which my deareſt Caroline had wrote upon my return from my unſucceſsful attempt to appeaſe her, and which ſhe deſired might not be ſent till ſhe was dead—To theſe I have added the pardon of Lord Henly; and to make her more ſenſible of the unyielding ſeverity of her nature, I have incloſed his Lordſhip's letter, which I purpoſely obtained from his friend—If theſe do not wring her heart, I ſhall henceforward conclude her a being, formed without one—Adieu my dear ſiſter!

Believe me as ever yours,

HARRIET BEVIL.

THE

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

I CONCLUDE my dear Sophia will be anxious to know what effect the death of Caroline has had on Lady Belvidere — The news had reached the hall the day before Nanette, who was the bearer of my letter. The poor girl declares the ſight of her late fellow-ſervants almoſt broke her heart, and that they were

were equally diſtreſſed at ſeeing her—ſhe ſays there was not one of them that did not ſhed tears at the account of her loſs—When her grief was a little abated, ſhe told them ſhe had letters for their lady, and aſked if ſhe could be admitted to her preſence—The houſe-keeper anſwered that ſhe had not ſeen any one except her own woman, ſince ſhe had heard of Miſs Mordaunt's death; but that ſhe would inform her of my requeſt —Shs ſoon returned with her Ladyſhip's directions to ſend up the letters, and for her to wait her further orders — Shortly after, a meſſage was brought that Lady Belvidere was too ill to ſee her at this time, and that as ſoon as ſhe was able ſhe would write to Miſs Bevil—the perſon who delivered this, added, that the read-

ing

ing the papers I had ſent, had thrown her miſtreſs into violent hyſtericks—Poor woman, now that ſhe can feel, I can pity her, for her ſituation muſt be truly unhappy, as her regret is increaſed by the knowledge that it cannot now avail.—The evening brought me a letter from her, containing her thanks for the trouble I had taken, and a deſire that the corpſe of my friend ſhould be interred in the chapel belonging to her houſe, where, ſhe adds, I truſt I ſhall very ſhortly be depoſited beſide it. The letter concludes with a requeſt, that I will permit her to take a laſt view of the dear departed, before ſhe is for ever conſigned to the tomb.—I have complied with her wiſhes in both inſtances; and as to-morrow is the day fixed for the burial of my de-

parted ſaint, I informed her ladyſhip that the awful viſit muſt be made ſome time this day.

It is over, Sophia, the humbled Lady Belvidere has taken a final leave of her once adopted child—My pen is unable to deſcribe the pangs ſhe experienced—her ſufferings convinced me, no affliction can equal that of an upbraiding heart—I meant not to have witneſſed her ſorrow, but accident obliged me to be preſent. I directed Nanette to await her Ladyſhip's arrival, and to conduct her by a back way to the apartment which contained the corps, judging ſhe would not wiſh to be ſeen by the family, much leſs by myſelf —To prevent a poſſibility of the latter, I retired to my room, and was employing myſelf

myſelf in writing to you, when the woman of the houſe informed me, a gentleman whoſe name was L—— deſired to ſee me—I went to him—his appearance ſhocked me much. After our mutual condolence on our irreparable loſs, he ſaid to me, "Will Miſs Bevil ſuffer me to drop one tear on the cold boſom of her friend, and to take one parting look ere ſhe is hid from my ſight for ever?"—The great diſorder he was in already, induced me to urge him to relinquiſh a deſign, I knew muſt only encreaſe it—Finding my endeavours uſeleſs, I attended him myſelf, fearful of the effect ſo heart-rending a ſight might have on him; to me it had grown familiar, from my having ſpent ſome hours each day in contemplating a face I muſt ſoon be deprived

of

of the happineſs of ſeeing.—On our entering the place of death, his whole frame ſhook; I would have had him return, but he perſiſted—Cloſing the door after me, I puſhed aſide the lid of the coffin, and retired to the further corner of the room that I might not interrupt the ſorrow I ſo much reſpected; he gazed upon the much-altered countenance of his ſtill loved Caroline, with an attention that ſeemed to ſuſpend every other faculty—Inconceivably affected by his mute deſpair, I approached him, entreating him to permit me to lead him hence—He gently puſhed me from him, and taking one of the liſeleſs hands, he ſurveyed it with the ſame ſoul-moving countenance he had done her face, then bending forward, as if liſtening for her breathing.—

Alarmed

Alarmed by the growing wildneſs of his looks, I again came near him; he ſtarted from me, and wringing his hands with unutterable anguiſh, he ſunk back in a chair, his boſom heaving with a violence that made me tremble for his life—Wonderfully terrified, I was going to call for aſſiſtance, when the door opened, and Lady Belvidere entered, ſupported by Nanette—At ſight of me ſhe appeared irreſolute, whether to advance or not, but her eye fixing on the coffin; ſhe quitted her attendant and tottered to it—On viewing the body, ſhe uttered a loud cry, and ſunk ſenſeleſs on the floor—This rouſed Mr. L——, who caſting a look of horror round the apartment, ruſhed out of it, and quit the houſe—I now gave all the aſſiſtance in my power to recover

Lady Belvidere; her fit was long and ſevere—As ſoon as ſhe was ſenſible, I attempted to withdraw, from the idea that my preſence muſt add to her miſery, but ſhe prevented me, ſaying, "Stay Miſs Bevil, and be witneſs of my anguiſh and contrition: Oh! could I, like you, receive the applauſes of my own heart, I might hope that time would alleviate its woe; but where is the time that can bring me comfort now? have I not by my cruelty my unjuſtifiable cruelty murthered the moſt gentle and lovely of her ſex? but what avails my too tardy repentance? will it reſtore me the child of my adoption? will it cancel the hours of ſorrow that broke her heart? oh! no, the time is paſt—why, why, Miſs Bevil did I not liſten to your perſuaſions? they would have

have ſaved me fromde ſtruction—but I was deaf to every interceſſion even to thoſe of my own boſom, for it pleaded ſtrongly to have its darling reſtored, yet the obſtinancy of my temper could reſiſt ſuch an advocate; It had driven me to condemn her unheard, and prevented my heart being open to conviction; It compelled me to add inſult to my refuſing of your ſollicitations; but all is repaid—well did you foretell my wretchedneſs. — I was ſhocked at her diſtreſs and urged every thing I could to ſooth her, but ſhe was not to be comforted, ſhe embraced the lifeleſs body, bathing its cold face with her tears, then left it, intending to depart, but again returned, and again preſſed it to her boſom.—In this manner ſhe continued till her ſtrength was totally exhauſted; when

when Nanette and myſelf ſupported her to her carriage, and ſhe was conveyed home in a ſtate that would have excited pity in a boſom more ſtern than mine.

It is now midnight, and my ſpirits are quite ſubdued by the diſtreſsful occurrences of the day: I will endeavour to recruit them by a little reſt, for I feel, to-morrow, I ſhall ſtand much in need of their ſupport.

Good night, my Siſter!

H. Bevil.

THE

THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

THE dread moment is paſt, my heart's companion is removed for ever from my ſight, — ſome hours are gone ſince the ſilent tomb received her.—Why were the pangs I felt at this ſeperation, greater even than thoſe which rent my ſoul when ſhe ceaſed to breath? ought I not to have been prepared for that which I knew

I knew to be inevitable? yet I ſhrunk with terror from the performance of the laſt duty which remained unpaid, that of ſeeing her depoſited in the grave. This, the weakneſs of my nature compelled me to intruſt to a leſs agonized heart than mine.—The brother of Colonel Villeroy, ſollicited and was permitted to appear as chief mourner, on this melancholy occaſion.—He arrived but yeſterday in England, and here this morning.—The fate of his beloved relative ſits heavy on his mind,—he alſo grieves for that of his valuable daughter.—If he, who knew her not, regrets her loſs, what ſhall I do? I, who am acquainted with her worth, who was loved by her with all the endulgent affection of a ſiſter,—ſhall my ſorrow ever ceaſe? ſhall the remembrance of her friend-

ſhip

ſhip be ever leſs intereſting to me? No, never, I feel that neither time or change of circumſtance can heal the wound her death has given me.—I did not even know the extent of my misfortune till this day— engaged and occupied in executing her laſt requeſts, and taken up with the diſtreſſes of others, I had not time to look into myſelf—all is now concluded; I can no longer paſs my time in contemplating a countenance, which, tho' bereft of life, ſtill poſſeſſed power to mitigate my griefs; ſhe is taken from me, nor ſhall I ſee her more, or will the void ſhe has left in my heart ever be filled up,—The univerſe appears a blank to me, I feel incapable to receive conſolation. — This laſt eternal ſeperation has given a blow to my before ſhaken fortitude which it cannot recover.

I have

I have nothing to detain me longer here, therefore ſhall return home as ſoon as a proper attention to Mr. Villeroy will admit; will my Sophia prepare to receive her dejected ſiſter? will ſhe ſuffer her to pour forth the abundance of her ſorrow on her affectionate boſom? I know ſhe will, ſhe will join with her Harriett in lamenting the hard fate and early death of one, who poſſeſſed beauty to have conquered, and virtue to have reformed the world.

Adieu my Sophia, might it not be deemed preſumption, I could ſay with the poet, "My grief's ſo great that it can ne'er encreaſe, and ſo confirmed it never can be leſs."

HARRIET BEVIL.

THE END.